The [illegible] Trotskyites by Paul Novick

NEW MASSES

SEPTEMBER [illegible] 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Hitler's Art Dictator Talks

An Off-the-Record Interview with Adolf Ziegler

BY BARRIE STAVIS

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WITH the international situation growing hotter and hotter, and Europe sending up those jets of live steam which are the precursors of volcanic eruption, readers of the NEW MASSES will be interested to know that Editor Joseph Freeman will leave shortly for a trip abroad in behalf of this magazine and a publisher who has commissioned him to do a book on the European situation. Freeman leaves this week for a vacation and to prepare for his European trip. His continuing active association with the magazine will take the form of a series of dispatches and interviews from key points and with key personalities in Europe. These will give the fall issues of the NEW MASSES special authority as interpreters of the growing crisis there. Freeman's place at the helm of this magazine will be taken by Herman Michelson, formerly managing editor of the NEW MASSES, who returned recently from an eighteen-month stay in the Soviet Union.

Our many friends in Spain keep sending us letters. Here's one from a new recruit of the George Washington Battalion:

"Am in my twelfth day of battle; for twelve days I haven't taken off clothes or shoes, eaten a hot meal, or washed. I've lost some of my best friends. But we are victorious. We have been under all sorts of fire: we were bombed daily; I lay in a shell hole with five others for hours while shells flew all around us; twice we charged across a bullet- and machine-gun-swept field, and I'm still unhurt. The days are very hot here. Water is scarce on the battlefield, so we are always burning and thirsty during the day. Nights are cold, so we freeze in the fields. Today we had our first respite—took a swim and had a hot meal and a piece of American chocolate. I never thought or dreamt anything could taste so good. Am now in a trench on a hill; there's just enough room to lie on my back and write this. Bullets keep whizzing overhead but I don't mind them any more. The fascists' explosive bullets crackle as they pass. For the past four days we were in a position opposite the Moors. At night we could hear them howling at us. They're crack shots.

"I had to bring food and water a quarter of a mile under fire. Made the trip three times—a ducky experience. The greatest scare yet was when six shells landed within fifty yards of me, and shrapnel flew all around. The most terrifying experience is when airplanes come over to bomb or strafe. Everyone swears every bomb is aimed directly at him. I've seen a dozen planes battle and saw four brought down, all theirs. Even saw a plane brought down by 'Archy' (anti-aircraft gun).

"If you ask me again whether my coming over is worthwhile, I say more emphatically than ever, yes. I don't ever want the United States to go through what Spain is enduring.

"Can't write more now. The fascists are starting their nightly bombardment. Oh, yes—my gun works beautifully; hasn't jammed even once. I haven't had to use my bayonet yet."

Here's part of another letter from the same chap:

"The food is fairly good: breakfast—coffee, bread, butter; dinner—stew, bread, wine; supper—stew, bread, wine. This is varied by occasional additions of salads, fruits, or lemonade. Full pack is: helmet, rifle, cartridge belt, extra bullets, canteen, knapsack, mess-kit bag, gas mask. Our bayonets are always fixed; it helps balance our type of rifle. After long pondering, I have named my rifle 'The Harlow' in memory of my once favorite actress (found out only two days ago that she died) for a number of reasons: she's a beauty; she's been around a lot; and I can't help shooting straight with her for an inspiration. We get up at 5:30; taps at 9:30. The days are very hot, the nights very cool, at times almost freezing. People are very friendly and cordial. The girls are beautiful and untouchable. (Their motto is 'No matrimonia, no pasaran!') The guys who bragged all along that they would put Don Juan to shame are still virgins. We, of course, treat all women with greatest respect, which is one reason why they like Americans so much.

"I don't remember if you ever expressed your view of Trotsky, but if you have any doubts as to his role let me assure you that his followers in Spain have proved to be open agents of Franco. Rats of the greatest degree, they are prolonging this war by months."

What's What

ANOTHER CONTEST: the Young Labor Poets, affiliated with the Young Communist League Writers' Conference, is sponsoring a competition for a satiric poem on Tom Girdler, "Public Labor-Hater No. 1," of less than thirty lines. The deadline is September 15, and the prize is publication in the *Daily Worker* and in the group's forthcoming anthology. Competing poets need not be members of the Young Communist League, but should send their manuscripts to the Young Communist League Writers' Conference, 35 East 12th Street, N. Y. C. . . . The Workers' Bookshop in New York is trying out a new promotion stunt: after Labor Day, the shop, at 50 East 13th Street, will give an hour concert of recorded music twice daily, from one to two p.m. and from seven to eight p.m. Programs will be changed daily and records will be supplied by courtesy of the New York Band Instrument Co.

Who's Who

BARRIE STAVIS is an American playwright who, with Leona Stavis, wrote *The Sun and I*, a play about the biblical Joseph which the Federal Theater Project put on in New York last season. Mr. Stavis was part way on a trip around the world when he chanced on the interview described in his article. . . . Bruce Crawford is the editor of the *Sunset News* in Bluefield, W. Va., and has distinguished himself for outspoken editorial support of progressive and pro-labor principles. . . . DeWitt Gilpin has written for the NEW MASSES before. He will be recalled as having contributed an interview with and political biography of Alfred M. Landon during the last presidential campaign. . . . Paul Novick is assistant editor of the *Freiheit*, Yiddish-language organ of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. . . . Gina Medem and Hyde Partnow are new contributors who make their NEW MASSES debuts in this issue. . . . Sid Lawson is the pen name of a Negro member of the League of American Writers who recently returned from the South. He appears as a guest drama reviewer in this issue because of his special interest in the treatment of the Negro question in the theater. . . . Dorothy Halpern is a member of the editorial staff of the NEW MASSES. She formerly held a similar post on the staff of the Moscow *Daily News*. . . . Morris U. Schappes is an instructor in English at the College of the City of New York. . . . Richard H. Rovere, whose book reviews have been appearing in the NEW MASSES frequently of late, is a graduate of Bard College, Columbia University. In his school career he edited a number of undergraduate publications. . . . Elizabeth Lawson is a specialist in the history and sociology of the South and of the Negro people. Articles and reviews by her hand have appeared frequently in the *Daily Worker*, *Sunday Worker*, and NEW MASSES. . . . Don Freeman's lithograph on page 8 will be included in the next issue of the artist's own magazine, *Newsstand*. This unique publication is attracting increasing attention and is, in a sense, a periodic one-man show of Mr. Freeman's work in published form. . . . Gardner Rea's cartoon in this issue is reprinted from one of our favorite union publications, the sprightly *O.K.*, official organ of the Cartoonists' Guild of America.

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXIV, NO. 11

September 7, 1937

Hitler's Art Dictator Talks *by Barrie Stavis* 3
The South versus the C.I.O. *by Bruce Crawford* . . . 6
Editorial Comment 9
The Auto Union Aims at Ford *by DeWitt Gilpin* . . . 13
The Socialist Housecleaning *by Paul Novick* 15
We Won't Forget *by Hyde Partnow* 17
Nature's Illusion *A Poem by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya* 18
A Message from La Pasionaria *by Gina Medem* . . . 19
Readers' Forum 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Walter Duranty's Novel of the U.S.S.R. *by Dorothy Halpern* 22
Great Catherine Again *by Richard H. Rovere* 22
Southerntown *by Elizabeth Lawson* 24
Anti-Semitism and Democracy *by Morris U. Schappes* . . 24
Brief Review 27
Recently Recommended Books 27

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Screen *by Peter Ellis* 28
The Theater *by Sid Lawson* 28
Forthcoming Broadcasts 30
Important Opening 30
Recently Recommended Movies and Phonograph Recordings 30

Art work by Hirschfeld (cover), Darryl Frederick, George Picken, Peter Verdi, Mainez, Don Freeman, Lester Polakov, Snow, Soriano, A. Ajay, Joe Leboit, John Mackey, Bertrando Valloton, Herb Kruckman, Arthur Getz, Martin, Helen Ludwig, Dan Rico, Gardner Rea.

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173

Flashbacks

"YOU must go into the streets and throw into the face of the ruling class your rallying cry: *"Enough of Slaughter!,"* wrote Lenin at the first war-time congress of Left Socialists (Zimmerwald, Switzerland, September 5-8, 1915). . . . The governments of the United States, England, France, and Italy, disliking congresses where such things were said, did their bit to sabotage a gathering scheduled later for Stockholm by denying passports to the Socialist delegates. The meeting was canceled September 8, 1917. . . . With an explicable, if ill-advised, impulse to tidy up the Louisiana landscape, Dr. Carl A. Weiss pumped Huey Long full of lead September 8, 1935. . . . Not yet betrayed by their leaders, Italian metal workers were in possession of eight hundred factories on September 5, 1920. . . . Meeting "to consult for the establishment of just rights and liberties," the first Continental Congress opened its sessions in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, September 5, 1774.

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NEW MASSES
SEPTEMBER 7, 1937

Darryl Frederick

Hitler's Art Dictator Talks

Herr Adolf Ziegler indulges in some heart-to-heart confidences which were never intended for publication

By Barrie Stavis

PARIS.

THIS morning Madame A—— (at her request I omit her name) visited me. "Would you like to go to the opening of the Pavillon des Beaux Arts?" she asked.

I was in the process of whipping a stubborn second act into shape and I was tired. I declined her offer.

"But there's a man there you'll be interested in meeting."

"Who is he?"

"Adolf Ziegler."

"How do you know he'll be there?"

"He wrote me. We were friends years ago."

MADAME A—— was right. I was anxious to meet Adolf Ziegler. Not so long ago Adolf Ziegler was an obscure academic painter, whose only claim to distinction was that he was a personal friend of Hitler. Hitler and Goebbels, appreciating the propaganda possibilities to be squeezed out of the graphic and plastic arts, sought for a likely candidate to channel and direct this propaganda. The field narrowed down until finally they decided on Adolf Ziegler. This was an excellent Nazi choice, for Ziegler is obedient, industrious, unimaginative, and personally loyal to Hitler.

To give him standing he was appointed instructor of painting in the Munich Academy. Soon after, he was appointed president of the Reich Chamber of the Graphic & Plastic Arts (R.C.G.P.A.). His duties in this post, multifarious and exciting, consume so much of his time and energy that he has little opportunity to do any painting of his own. Judging from the one modest canvas of his I saw this afternoon (if I may be forgiven for wandering off into the field of art criticism), I think the loss is not great.

Ziegler's duties fall naturally into three divisions: (1) To make every German artist a member in good standing of the R.C.G.P.A. The word "artist" is used loosely in that it includes painters, sculptors, muralists, architects, industrial artists, art editors, typographers, fashion designers, etc. Membership (obligatory, of course) now numbers forty-five thousand. Every member of the R.C.G.P.A., in theory, subscribes to the *Reichskultur* and, therefore, no work should be created that does not advance the Nazi ideology. (2) To remove from all German museums any work of art that does not conform to the Nazi standards. (3) To arrange exhibitions of Nazi art so that the common people will be initiated into the mysteries of *Reichskultur*.

Madame A—— and I agreed that I was to be introduced as a young American fascist who, in disagreement with the Roosevelt administration, had left America and was on his way either to Italy or Germany to settle there. Also, though I understand a fairish amount of German, we agreed that I was to be palmed off as a unilingual American—the obvious advantage being that while Madame A—— interpreted back and forth I could play for time if necessary.

Ziegler accepted me immediately, and when I told him that I had left America in disgust because there were too many strikes—every unintelligent worker was telling his employer how to run his factory; the common people were making a muddle of governing themselves instead of allowing the few wise leaders to do it—he beamed at me sympathetically. I went on and told him that I was equally disappointed with France [here the eloquent shrug of his shoulders said, "Well what can you expect of the French?"], and therefore was soon traveling to Germany. Could I impose on him to tell me of conditions there?

"Strikes in America and France are terrible," Herr Ziegler said. "There are no such things in Germany."

"How do you prevent them?"

"Everyone is so happy in Germany, no one thinks of striking." Then he jumped to another subject. "In four years," he said, "the Führer [how to convey the reverential sepulchral voice with which Führer was uttered!] has practically cured myopia."

Madame A—— diplomatically translated my "What's myopia got to do with strikes and happiness?" into a softly spoken, "Will you amplify that, Herr Ziegler?"

"Gladly. Formerly our schools concentrated on education, book learning [this with scorn]; and physical culture was a secondary matter. But now"—in the ringing voice of a prophet—"for the last four years we have concentrated on gymnastics and physical culture. Now we have strong, well-muscled children. Myopia has practically disappeared. All this is due to the Führer's [again the sepulchral tone!] great vision."

"And what of their cultural education?"

"That will come later—even by itself." And then, "A perfect mind in a perfect body."

AS HE SPOKE I visualized a rapidly procreating race of strong-muscled, nerveless, stupid men, who would believe precisely what they were told to believe, and do exactly what they were instructed to do. In short—a race of soldiers for Hitler's army.

Ziegler continued triumphantly, "Goethe said he was afraid of the time when newspapers would be published daily. We are in the midst of those days. But now after four years of the Führer's [this time even more sepulchral tones] leadership, our people seldom read the newspapers any more."

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"Not even the *Völkischer Beobachter?*"

"Hardly even that."

"Why not?"

"We have taught them that there is never any news in the papers. Then why read them? Newspaper circulation drops steadily in Germany. Soon, we hope, it will be nothing."

"What do they do with their leisure time?" I asked.

"They lead a very happy life. They sit at the cafés, drink beer and sing the national songs, or go to the theater. The theaters are very crowded, and though we have a strict censorship, political jokes are allowed—provided, of course, they're for the government."

This man, I thought, either has a perverse Swiftian sense of humor or else is an imbecile. As the interview progressed I leaned to the latter view. I wanted to find out how his R.C.G.P.A. functioned, so I plunged into my questions. I thought it wise to limit these to the one art form he would be most informed on—painting.

"All artists must join the R.C.G.P.A.?"

"Of course."

"And their painting must be *Reichskultur* art?"

"Naturally."

"I'm not certain I understand what is meant by *Reichskultur* art. Will you explain?"

"I have written it here in the foreword of this catalogue." He gave me a catalogue of the German section of the Paris Exposition art. "It is also in English." He pointed to the paragraph, and I read:

German graphic and plastic art is based on an ancient tradition far older than Romanesque ecclesiastical architecture. The more modern investigation of the history of early Teutonic times is profound and unprejudiced, the more clearly it appears that not only the art of epic poetry in legend and song, but also the gift of artistic representation in symbol and picture, is a fundamental boon conferred by nature on the race of which the core of the German people is still composed. ["Ein ursprünglishes Geschenk der Natur an jede Rasse ist, aus der sich auch heute noch im Kern das deutsche Volk zusammensetzt."] The German masters of the Middle Ages also produced their immortal works from the artistic power of representation of this blood heritage. It is from the same imperishable heritage that the German people of the present day derive the sure conviction that the artists of even our own times can also produce works of equal value.

I read this through twice, the second time more puzzled than the first, and said, "Very interesting. But tell me specifically what type of subjects fall under the category of approved *Reichskultur.*"

"A painting of a beautiful nude German woman."

"Why that?"

"To encourage the ideal of a perfect body. Also to give German men the incentive to have many German children." I looked for a sign from him, if only the twinkling of an eye, to show me that he was carrying on a private joke. But no, Ziegler was in dead earnest.

"What else?" I asked.

"A German landscape heavy with produce. German peasants at work—but preferably at play. A German family with many children. It must be German and it must be real."

"And all the forty-five thousand members of the R.C.G.P.A. subscribe to this?"

"Of course."

"No dissenters?"

"None."

"None at all?" (Here Madame A——'s voice was perfection itself. It had the quality of naïveté at this voluntary regimentation—but still, wasn't there a stray rebel or two tucked away in an obscure corner of Germany, who, poor benighted soul, was not in R.C.G.P.A. heart and soul?)

Ziegler answered a bit grudgingly, "Well, a few here and there."

"That means there's no experimental art?"

"None."

"What about the Cubists, the Dadaists, the Surrealists?"

"We are against them, but [oh, the gentleness, the generousness of his voice!] we allow them to work behind their own doors. They mustn't show their work, not even in the windows of their houses—and of course they're forbidden to sell their work."

"If they can't sell, how are they to live?"

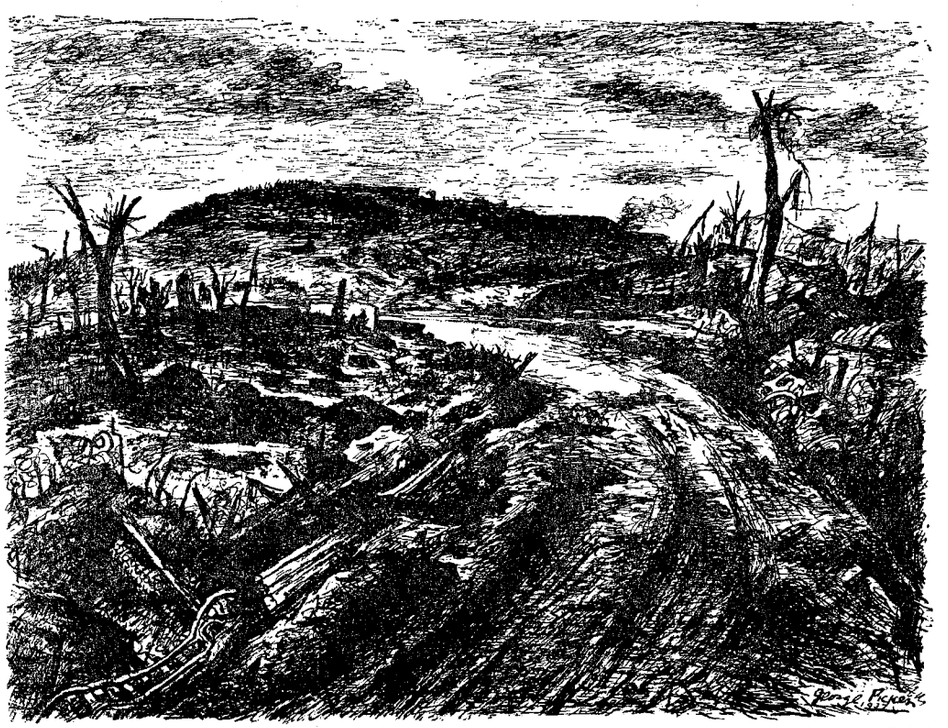
"They must adapt themselves to our rule or they must die." (The actual words he used were "Sie sollen untergehen"—an imperative command—and the word "untergehen" has the quality of a ship foundering or of a wounded man's life ebbing, blood dripping.) As he said this his eyes were soft and kind. You felt that he'd starve a dissenter into economic submission or death with a devastating thoroughness or that he'd put a man into a concentration camp, regretfully, kindly, at great personal cost to himself—but still he'd put him there.

All this led naturally into a discussion of his second duty, i. e., to remove from German museums art work that does not conform to the Nazi ideal. This I found a disheartening but at the same time perplexing thought. How does one go about removing art work from the hundreds of museums scattered over Germany? I discovered it was all very simple as Ziegler explained it. He has appointed a committee of ardent National Socialists who with typical thoroughness are going systematically from museum to museum and are confiscating the work of every man who is on the blacklist—from Gaugin and Cézanne down to Matisse, Picasso, and Braque! This is especially shocking because since the beginning of the twentieth century the curators of the German museums have been concentrating their purchases on modern art, and as a result a good percentage, and some of the best examples of the moderns, are now in Germany.

When Ziegler told me this, I was appalled. Three distinct times I tried to find out where the canvases were and what their fate would be. The first time he avoided answering by saying portentously, "German culture is magnificent!" The second time I sandwiched the question with some others and was treated to another example of his uniquely illogical mind. "The people love the Führer so much that I am amazed!" The third time he toyed with an exchange-of-prisoners-of-war idea. Foreign museums owning canvases of artists in favor of the Nazi regime might be willing to make exchanges. What the basis of comparative exchange would be—how to compute value—I haven't the least idea, for the simple reason that he hadn't either.

Ziegler pointed to another gem of his catalogue foreword and I read the following:

. . . under the power of a new elementary stream of life in Germany, there are no longer nor can be



George Picken (A.C.A. Print Series)

Spanish Landscape

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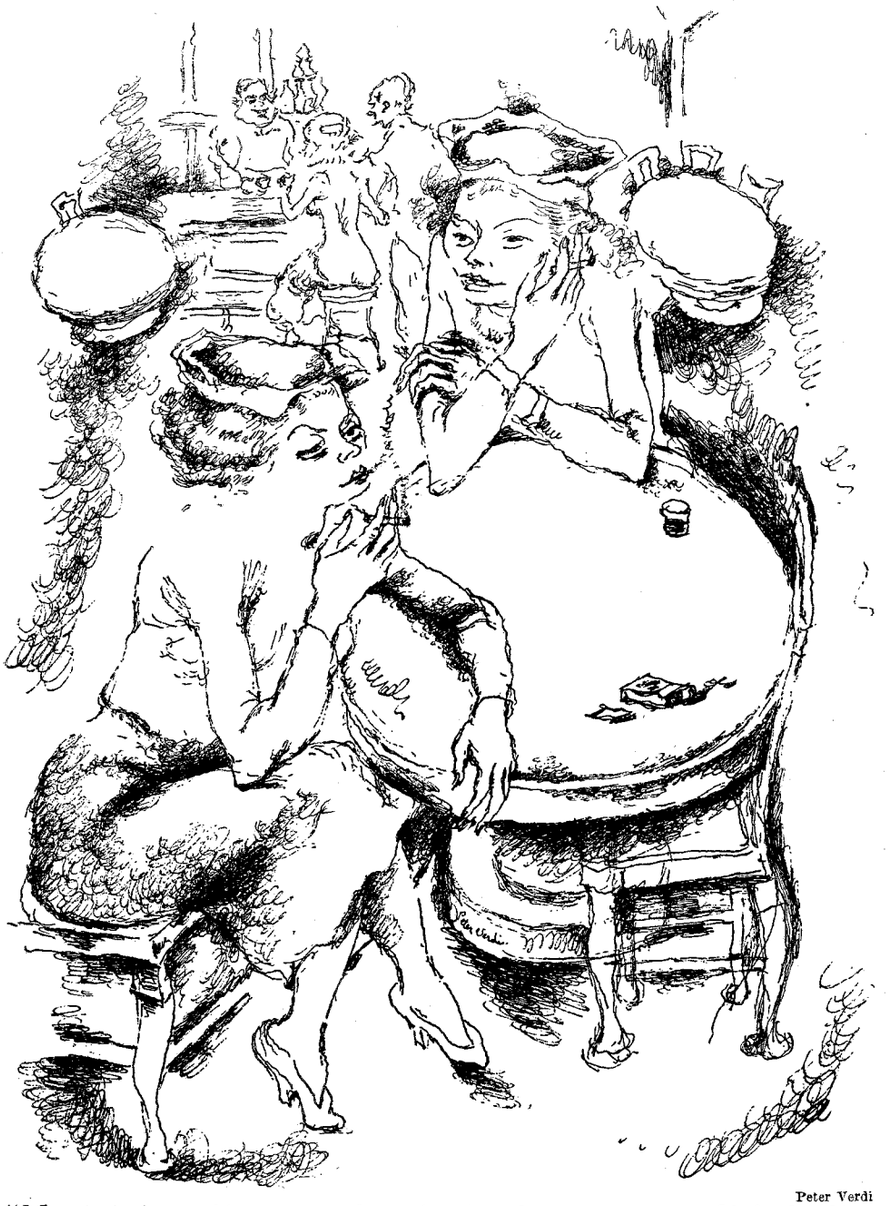

Peter Verdi

"Mamie isn't working as a sight-seeing bus decoy any more. She's drinking coffee at the Automat for the duration of the strike."

so-called artistic trends or any kind of intellectual "isms." It would be a mistake to gauge new German art by these antiquated standards, for neither the content nor the form are treated in Germany as the sole and final standard, nor could that be so if we do not wish to deny the entire artistic development of a thousand years.

After my interview with Ziegler I located Madame Van Doesburg, widow of the abstract artist and modern architect Theo Van Doesburg. She is an authority on modern art. I asked her to tell me who were the artists well represented in German museums and I asked her also to err on the side of caution. She is positive of the following names and assures me there are many more. Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Gaugin, Van Doesburg, Braque, Arp, Kandinsky, Moholy-Nagy, Freundlich, Rolfs, Muller, Malevich, Rodchenko, Baumeister, Heckel, Mondrian, Lissitsky, Schwitters, Leger, Kokoshka, Nolde, Lehmbruck, Corinth, Franz-Marc, Kirchner, Klee, Chagall. When you realize that *Reichskultur* plans the destruction of Cézanne, Van Doesburg, Leger, Picasso, and the rest, you will get an idea of the verdict posterity will hand down about these our times.

Once again I want to make clear that in our talk I concentrated on painting only. But the fact is that other art forms have suffered the same fate. For example the Bauhaus, the school of architecture more responsible for our modern architectural styles than any other single contributing factor, which was founded in Weimar in 1919 and then operated in Dessau from 1925 on, has been smashed by Hitler. Gropius, head of the school, is now teaching in an American university, and the other professors, Klee, Feiwinger, Kandinsky, Albers, Moholy-Nagy, are scattered over the world.

To go back to Ziegler and his third function, the arranging of exhibits to popularize "German" art. I had heard of the Gargantuan art show which opened July 20 in Munich—would he tell me about it? Yes, he'd be glad to tell me. He and his eye-to-eye committee collected eight thousand canvases and four thousand pieces of sculpture (all prime grade-A Nazi art) and had them installed. At last the great hour! The Führer himself, the final arbiter, arrived. Result? Ziegler passed over this part rather hurriedly. Was I wrong in thinking I detected a harassed look in his eyes at the mere recollection? All he would say was that after Hitler examined the exhibit there was a decisive slashing. This is the picture I saw beyond his words: Hitler marching in with beetling brows and flaming, popping eyes. In something under ten seconds he had studied each of the twelve thousand pieces and came to an immediate, irrevocable, and (of course) wise choice. Then with rare abandon he began lopping off sections of the exhibition. "This is not Germanic to its core. Out with it! This does not embody the Nazi ideal. Out with it!" And so forth and so on—striding through the halls at high speed, dispatching hundreds of reputations into the dust pile.

Nor shall I soon forget that priceless Zieglerian gem: "And now that the Führer has explained to the officials of the R.C.G.P.A. what is true art and what is false art, we are not likely to make mistakes in the future."

There is yet one more incident about the Munich exhibition—a boomerang which Ziegler found expedient not to talk about. Someone (Ziegler?) concocted this brilliant scheme: Why have an exhibition showing only good German art? Why not a comparative exhibition showing bad German art? Seeing them side by side, the German people would immediately be able to choose the good from the bad. They did! Much to the confusion of the *Reichskultur* officials more than one hundred twenty-five thousand people attended this "Exhibition of Bad Art" during its first week!

This bad art was exhibited under classified headings. I found both divisions and titles provocative and worth recording:

"Peasants as Seen Through Jewish Artists."
"The German Woman Turns in Derision."
"Nature Seen Through Sick Souls."
"Outrages to Heroes."
"Invasion of Bolshevism in Art."
"Manifestations of the Hebraic Soul."
"Methodical Extensions Into Madness."

It was getting late—Ziegler was leaving for Germany that night. There were many things he had to do—surely Madame A—— and I would understand. Yes, we certainly would understand. With expressions of mutual esteem and hand-shaking he prepared to leave.

"One more thing before you go. Of course I shall see for myself—but I'd like you to tell me. I've read in the New York papers that Germany is bankrupt and that there is a food shortage. Is it true?"

"Pah, democratic lies! Disregard them entirely!"

And at a sign from him, a beefy young man, who looked like a butcher-boy in mufti followed him off—always sure to be a respectful distance behind his master.

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The South versus the C.I.O.

The bourbon agents of Wall Street are resorting to every weapon, including "Divine Providence," lynch law, and even anti-lynch law

By Bruce Crawford

AGAIN the bourbon South is in a state of rebellion. But this time it does not rebel against a dominant northern influence. It does not defy Wall Street, which exploits the South as a colonial area. Rather, the bourbon South is revolting against the Roosevelt administration and, primarily, against the Committee for Industrial Organization. Industrialists and landowners recognize the C.I.O. as another emancipation movement.

Just as the grandees of 1861 rebelled in defense of their system of cheap black labor, so today the "Cotton Ed" Smiths, Byrneses, Garners, Glasses, and Byrds are fighting to preserve an economy of cheap labor, both white and black. These southerners, who are in reality colonial agents answerable to Wall Street, protect northern capital invested in the South to reap profits on a low living standard, unorganized labor, and artificially created race antagonisms. The C.I.O. is, of course, a threat to all this. And these southern Democrats, abetted by anti-labor elements everywhere, carry the flag of revolt against their own party which was returned to power by unprecedented mass support.

It is not surprising that southern opposition to the wage-hour and anti-lynching bills waxed to white heat just when the C.I.O. announced an intensive drive in textiles. Fear of unionization, which would grant both Negro and white workers some measure of independence and self-determination, has thrown the bourbons into paroxysms. They are cruelly frank, making no bones about their intention to keep the workers down by whatever means they deem necessary.

IN DENOUNCING the wages-and-hours bill, Senator Smith declared that, if a worker in South Carolina could "live comfortably" on fifty cents a day whereas a New England worker required a dollar and a half a day, there was "no justice" in raising the southern worker's pay to the level of the New England worker—especially when "God had favored the South with advantages." Cotton Ed failed to say that the landlords and mill owners profited most, if not entirely, by the providential favoritism, else the nadir of human conditions would not exist in places like South Carolina. Smith is the same senator, it will be recalled, who walked out of the Democratic national convention last year because a Negro minister from Chicago presumably asked the same God to guide the party's deliberations.

The anti-lynching bill provoked this outburst—typical of the fury of unreconstructed bourbonism in such matters—from Senator Claude Pepper, who on other issues has been a consistent New Dealer:

> Whatever may be written into the constitution, whatever may be placed upon the statute books of this nation, however many soldiers may be stationed about the ballot boxes of the southland, the colored race will not vote, because in doing so under present circumstances they endanger the supremacy of a race to which God has committed the destiny of a continent, perhaps of a world!

There you are. The people of this republic cannot, through their elected representatives in congress or the forty-eight state legislatures, enact any laws which the southern ruling class is bound to respect! The enfranchized majority of the South cannot do so, either. God's chosen will remain supreme, democracy be blowed.

But even an anti-lynching law, especially if it is a state statute, can be made the instrument of injustice, a strikebreaking weapon, where enforcement lies with officials who serve big business.

A case in point is on record in Virginia where the C.I.O. is moving into textiles and other industries. Pickets at the Industrial Rayon Corp. plant in Covington, scene of the Old Dominion's bitterest anti-union drive, have been prosecuted under the state anti-lynching law passed in 1928. (This is particularly appalling to me, inasmuch as I was partly responsible for the law's passage, having made almost a permanent issue of a lynching that occurred in my Virginia home town of Norton.)

Following a provoked skirmish at the mill gates, several workers were given penitentiary terms of from two to four years on charges of "assault and battery *while a member of a mob.*" (My italics.) The pickets did not realize they were being convicted under the anti-lynching statute. They were not specifically charged with lynching or with an attempt to lynch. Some corporation lawyer, tipped off perhaps by a state official, made flexible use of the mob clause.

The anti-lynching law was offered in the legislature at the instance of Governor Harry Byrd, now in the U. S. Senate and more and more inclined toward reaction. The law was an achievement of which he was quite proud as governor, but Senator Byrd has not yet deplored this outrageous misapplication of the law.

As Virginius Dabney, liberal editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* commented, such construction of the anti-lynching law "makes a felony of a misdemeanor" and calls for "long prison terms, thus seriously handicapping Virginia organized labor in the pursuit of its legitimate activities."

At one Covington plant the C.I.O. recently won a labor board election, and that seems to have put reactionaries on guard against such developments at other places. State troopers are called out at the behest of industrialists to prevent unionization wherever possible. If intimidation or provoked or planted violence—as apparently has been the case at the Industrial Rayon plant—can keep workers from organizing, then there will be no election. Governor George C. Peery, who is Senator Byrd's right hand man in Virginia and a likely candidate to succeed the aging Senator Glass, has been prompt to dispatch troopers at the request of corporations. He sent state patrolmen to Covington to protect "the right to work." The Roanoke *Times,* of Glass-Byrd persuasion, declared: "Neither Covington nor any other Virginia town can be allowed to duplicate the recent disgraceful developments in Youngstown and other steel centers in Ohio and Pennsylvania." But has the *Times* denounced the disgraceful use of the Virginia anti-lynching law in its neighboring community?

The pontifical Richmond *News Leader,* which spreads poisonous reaction in a guise of liberalism, quoted Tom Girdler to hearten and embolden industrialists at grips with the C.I.O. "Tom Girdler's boldness," the editor wrote, "marks a turning point in the public attitude toward the steel strike. . . . Now, for the first time, C.I.O. is met with a thunderous and defiant 'No!' Girdler has said what millions think. . . . Industry was waiting for someone who was just that—positive." And other Virginia dailies, including Senator Glass's Lynchburg *News,* likewise applauded Girdler.

Promptly all industries, large and small, appealed to the public for sympathy in their struggles with the advancing C.I.O. "We announce that we cannot comply with the demands of the C.I.O. and that we have completely closed our plant!" declared a Roanoke bakery in newspaper advertisements. Similar statements were made by other companies, coal corporations among them, although most of them either signed C.I.O. contracts and reopened or started up with state troopers on the scene as strikebreakers. Most of the plants in Roanoke, a teeming industrial city, finally settled with the C.I.O., and granted wage and hour demands. The Vicose Rayon Co. conceded a 10 percent raise, a fifteen dollar minimum weekly wage, a forty-hour week, and a week's vacation with pay, in addition to union recognition. Approxi-

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mately five thousand employees were affected.

In Richmond, textile contracts have been signed with some companies—in one instance, at the Richmond Piece Dye Works, the terms provided hourly minimum rates of forty cents for women and fifty-five cents for men. In Danville, long a turbulent sector, three thousand T.W.O.C. workers won agreements in the cotton mills. In the state as a whole the C.I.O. is gaining, although progress is uneven. In May more than twenty thousand members had been signed up, and new ones have been joining at the rate of about six thousand a month. The United Mine Workers are well organized in southwestern Virginia.

While the C.I.O. is advancing in the Old Dominion, the resistance has been very bitter, and industrialists are far from relaxing. It is just possible that Virginia, for all its boasted liberalism, will outdo the most reactionary southern states in the war on the C.I.O. Ten years ago Governor Byrd inaugurated a new policy to lure industries. While tax exemptions, low-paid labor, and similar inducements were not advertised, as was true of other states, Virginia's labor policy was one on which relocating industries could rely. "Political liberalism and fiscal conservatism," a slogan coined by the Richmond *News Leader*, seemed to represent the Byrd policy—the political "liberalism" to hold popular support and the fiscal conservatism to reassure business men. The state boasted the best highway patrol system in the union, a constabulary ready for any emergency. As a result, many textile and chemical plants came to Virginia.

In this connection, a thirty million dollar rayon plant recently passed up West Virginia, where organized labor was introducing a program of legislation in the general assembly, and located in the mother state. West Virginia newspapers deplored the loss and blamed it on labor's efforts to improve itself. The program, however, was defeated by corporation legislators and lobbyists. West Virginia business men are now saying that their state needs a "strong position on labor like they have in Virginia."

I have stressed the situation in Virginia because it is typical of what exists more or less throughout the South. Famed Virginia democracy is really an aristocracy, a few job-holding families kept in power by a restricted franchise and mainly serving the big corporations, most of them headed up in New York. The rulers brag about Virginia's "good government," attributing it to participation by a "literate few," but offer no explanation of the increasing marginal population. It has been good government for the aristocrats, but a large element of the population has not had even the benefits of paternalism. Organized labor is trying to have the poll tax repealed as a prerequisite for voting, so that the masses will not be disfranchised by poverty.

The C.I.O. looks forward to the new state administration, after next January, without much enthusiasm. In the recent Democratic primary, Lieutenant-Governor James H. Price was nominated. A moderate Roosevelt man, Jim Price at first was opposed by the Byrd forces, but when they saw they couldn't head him off, they sailed onto his coat tails and rode back in with him—Democratic nomination being equivalent to election. At the same time, however, they nominated two Byrd men for the posts of lieutenant-governor and attorney-general. It remains to be seen whether Governor Price will support the Roosevelt program in its most vital aspects. Many liberals and radicals are afraid he will make peace with Byrd and Glass and join erstwhile New Dealers who have ratted on Roosevelt. The most definite statement the next governor has made with reference to the C.I.O. was: "I favor a policy of fairness to both capital and labor."

In West Virginia, which is not strictly a southern state, the C.I.O. is making rapid gains. John B. Easton, president of the State Federation of Labor, who favors the C.I.O., wrote to me: "Its status is exceedingly encouraging. Several thousand workers have been put into industrial unions. Practically 90 percent of all organized labor, aside from the building trades and railroad organizations, are either in the C.I.O. groups or exceedingly sympathetic to them." The largest textile union in the state is the C.I.O. local at Parkersburg, with more than five thousand dues-paying members. It is highly probable that the C.I.O. will dominate the State Federation convention this year, as many of the A. F. of L. unions have been switching to the industrial groups.

Mainez

In Kentucky, Governor "Happy" Chandler, elected in the Roosevelt landslide, has made it known that he does not intend to be another Governor Murphy or Governor Earle. He made that plain in a recent speech in the presence of Governor Peery of Virginia, and the two chief executives congratulated the "stalwart, self-reliant citizenship" of the sister commonwealths—although when labor becomes militant and determines to help itself, they are against such self-reliance. "Illegal possession of private property," Governor Chandler said with reference to sit-down strikes, "will not be tolerated in Kentucky." He defended Harlan against outside agitators and "newspaper talk." The C.I.O. has made little progress in Kentucky. The United Mine Workers increased its membership in Harlan county, thanks to the spotlight of the La-Follette investigation.

Elsewhere in the South plans are complete for an intensive C.I.O. campaign. Most of the five hundred textile organizers in the field will invade the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and Texas. Everything except railroads, building trades, trucking, and other occupations already well organized, is mapped for unionization. Agricultural workers, cotton pickers, sharecroppers, and tobacco hands—especially those ignored by William Green—will be organized. The drive in agricultural areas will do most to enrage the reactionaries. The land workers have been the worst off in the whole South, and as an unorganized group they have been the heaviest drag on labor progress.

Textiles being the South's most important industry, most of the fighting will take place in towns and cities supported by mill workers' wages. The owners and their newspapers and politicians will try to array the middle class against the workers whose wages make business good. Southern industrialists have watched the experience of northern owners and may profit by their mistakes. They are certain to profit by Tom Girdler's attitude. Southern owners and public officials, who have consistently defied constitutional amendments respecting the Negro, will defy the Wagner Labor Relations Act, wage and hour standards, or any other laws which threaten their traditional supremacy. They took up arms once to defend that supremacy and lost at Appomattox. Then they were fighting big wealth in the North which was concerned primarily with eliminating cheap labor as an unbeatable factor in competition with southern agriculture and industry. Today the southern rebels have the support of northern wealth, for the most part, especially in their opposition to the C.I.O. and the fundamental features of the New Deal program. The passionate, furious attacks they made on Senator Hugo Black, the liberal out of their own Deep South who was nominated to the Supreme Court, indicates the depth of their hatred for anything likely to enhance popular government or trim the self-assured powers of a tory judiciary.

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THE SCAB

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"Orders from Stalin"?

"ORDERS from Stalin"—this is what some of the leaders of the Socialist Party said about the expulsions of the Trotskyites in France, not to speak of the suppression of the Trotskyites in Spain. Is the Socialist Party now taking "orders from Stalin"?

This question may shock Norman Thomas and other leaders of the S.P. Why, the Trotskyites are expelled "merely" as wreckers of the party! But this was exactly the case in France, under conditions when the workers realized that by fighting the People's Front the Trotskyites are doing the job for fascism. This was exactly the case in Spain, under conditions of armed struggle!

The Trotskyites in New York are fighting the Socialist Party by selling slanderous literature on Fourteenth Street. Suppose they had arms, as the Spanish Trotskyites had (or, still have)? Suppose the S.P. was in the leadership of a government conducting an armed struggle against fascism? The fight would have been much the same, if with different means and different results.

The members of the Socialist Party as well as all progressive elements may learn an international lesson from the present expulsions in New York and other cities. They may also learn something about the Moscow trials, about the struggle of the Bolshevik Party in the Soviet Union against Trotskyist wreckers. The desperate means the Trotskyites are now employing against the S.P. can hardly be compared to what these wreckers have done and are trying to do in the Soviet Union, where the Bolshevik Party leads in the upbuilding of a socialist economy which the Trotskyites are trying to destroy because of their counter-revolutionary line. In the desperate struggle they are conducting over there, against each and every factory, the railroads, the Red Army, they have degenerated into assassins, into agents of fascism. This is what they *basically* are everywhere, though conditions may be different.

It would be well for the members of the Socialist Party to consider the words of Stalin:

> Present-day Trotskyism is no longer what it was, let us say, seven or eight years ago; that Trotskyism and the Trotskyites have passed through a serious evolution in this period which has utterly changed the face of Trotskyism; that in view of this the struggle against Trotskyism and the method of struggle against it must also be utterly changed. Our party comrades did not notice that Trotskyism has ceased to be a political trend in the working class, that it has changed from the political trend in the working class which it was seven or eight years ago, into a frantic and unprincipled gang of wreckers, diversionists, spies, and murderers acting on the instructions of the intelligence services of foreign states. (*Mastering Bolshevism*, Workers' Library Publishers, p. 14.)

The Socialists struggling against Trotskyist wreckers in the U.S.A., against enemies of the united fight against war and fascism, will now be in a better position to get the meaning of these words.

Iron Men and Wooden Heads

WITH a strange mixture of effrontery and deceit William Green wrote to Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, urging that body to abandon its "neutral attitude" toward labor organization along the waterfront. In behalf of Joe Ryan, national vice-president of the A. F. of L., who is trying desperately to revive the International Seamen's Union, Green's letter stated:

> The Maritime Commission is in a measure responsible for the development of destructive factionalism because the commission has assumed a neutral attitude. . . . The faction affiliated with the A. F. of L. does not practice nor does it condone either outlaw strikes or sit-down strikes. Under the circumstances we contend that the Maritime Commission should not remain neutral but should frankly and courageously encourage that faction which has by its record and by its past and present conduct demonstrated its loyalty and its readiness to fight, if need be, for the maintenance and honest observance of agreements.

The "destructive factionalism" to which Mr. Green referred was undoubtedly the strong National Maritime Union, which in the past five months has absorbed 95 percent of the I.S.U.'s former membership. Commenting on the situation, an N.M.U. official observed: "The membership which he [Green] praises is now in our organization. We are the former members of the I.S.U. We heartily endorse the praise which Mr. Green has for our membership." Mr. Kennedy wasn't fooled, either. Somewhat dryly he wrote the A. F. of L. president: "You charge that this commission has assumed a neutral attitude toward all labor organizations. That charge is true. . . . Consequently we cannot espouse the cause of your faction as you demand. . . ."

As might be expected, however, Messrs. Green and Ryan found support elsewhere. Eight members of the crew of the Clyde-Mallory liner *Seminole* have just filed charges with the National Labor Relations Board. The men swear that ship's officers warned them they would be fired unless they quit the N.M.U. and joined Mr. Ryan's new union. And Ira A. Campbell, general counsel of the American Steamship Owners' Association, warned the commission that Atlantic Coast shipping might be destroyed if the present trend (i.e., toward the N.M.U.) continued. Some rank-and-file workers in the A. F. of L. must wonder which side their bread *is* buttered on.

Flaming Job Holders

THE sweetest dreams that punctuate the sleep of a political reactionary must be those in which he envisions the youth of the land delivered over to him in the form of safe votes. The successes of the American Youth Congress and its varied affiliates disturb this dream for they prove that large and growing sections of our young people are politically insurgent.

Millions of young Americans in their search for a political answer to their problems have snatched at the New Deal philosophy. Where are they being led? The Young Democrats, organization of the most active of them, have just held a convention in Indianapolis. Ten thousand members attended, 85 percent of them under thirty years of age. Eight thousand five hundred of these ten thousand Young Democrats held politically appointed or elected jobs; we cannot help surmising that the remaining fifteen hundred were there in the hope of getting such. No startling contributions toward solving youth's problems could be expected of such a gathering.

Lockwood Thompson of Ohio, Newton D. Baker's law partner, ran for president on a "liberal" ticket. He was defeated, though, by Pitt Tyson Maner of Alabama, who ran his pre-convention campaign on stationery with the letterhead motto, "White Supremacy for the Right." His method of winning could serve as an example to young politicians on the make. Here's how it was done. Young Democratic conventions automatically provide each state with three votes. Payment of $100 for each thousand paid-up members buys one additional vote; the limit is the number of votes held by the state in the last Democratic party convention. Alabama helped other states pay for their votes, it appears; openly, at that. Checks were exhibited written on Alabama banks, signed by a Mr. Rainey, assistant of Mr. Maner—$2900 "for New Jersey dues"; $300 "for balance of

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Pennsylvania dues"; $500 "for New Hampshire dues." Need we add that these delegations voted for Maner? Pressure by various state governors did the rest.

No business outside of the election was accomplished. Constitutional amendments preventing the buying of elections were tabled.

The delegates and a radio audience heard Mr. James J. Farley promise that there would be no reprisals against congressmen for Supreme Court stands. James Roosevelt as temporary chairman gave a New Deal speech. A hopeful sunbeam in the midst of the murk: four American Youth Congress members were present, eager and enthusiastic. They bucked the sluggish but overwhelming bureaucratic current with resolutions advocating better wages, better housing, and other progressive demands. Committees buried these resolutions.

The Maelstrom

IN the Far East the antagonisms between the major powers reach a peak. Within the past week we have witnessed these developments: Great Britain faced Japan in diplomatic combat over the serious wounding by Japanese planes of the British ambassador to China; the Soviet Union signed a non-aggression pact with China; and an American ship was bombed by Chinese planes.

It would be hasty to assume that Britain's note to Tokyo demanding suitable reparations for the assault upon its highest diplomatic representative means a reversal of British policy in the Far East. Heretofore, that policy has consisted of benevolent neutrality, sometimes even of active support, of Japan. The present government of Great Britain under Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain is more disposed to come to terms with the fascist powers than its predecessor. It is apparent, however, that Japan's crude blood-and-iron method of conquest is making it harder than ever for the British imperialists to consummate any deal they may have had in mind. Not only are the British people aroused, but British business interests, which are primarily threatened by the present Japanese conquest, are forced to open their eyes to the real situation. It becomes plainer than ever that Great Britain jeopardizes its own imperial interests by conciliating Japan.

The Soviet pact is the first decisive step taken in the present emergency to promote world peace through the collective action of a non-aggression pact. It is not meant to be the last of this type of action. Should the United States and Great Britain now join the U.S.S.R. in a general agreement for the Far East, much would be gained to stem Japan's drive. For Japan is vulnerable to the point of fatal weakness in its dependence upon the benevolent neutrality of Great Britain, the United States, and the U.S.S.R. Joint action by these three powers would be a drastic warning that peace must be restored. The Soviet Union has once more shown the way.

Litvinov—Signed with China

Murder Without Killing

WHEN next you happen to be in a crowd of jobless and excited men, women, and children, well larded with deputies garnished with automatic .45's—never lose your temper at the sight of an officer of the law hurling tear-gas bombs among them. Why? Because if you do, and at the same moment someone thirty or forty feet away is fatally shot, then you're guilty of murder. At least you are in New Mexico. And the state's supreme court will uphold your conviction and your sentence to forty-five to sixty years. As it has just done—August 25—in the case of two of the three convicted Gallup miners, Juan Ochoa and Manuel Avitia.

The outlines of the Gallup case are by now familiar to readers of the NEW MASSES. On April 4, 1935, unemployed miners, their wives and children, assembled outside the justice of the peace's court in Gallup to witness the trial of the beloved strike-leader, Navarro, who had been arrested and held incommunicado, charged with replacing his furniture in a house from which he had been dispossessed. The crowd, arbitrarily excluded from the courtroom, rushed around into an alley at the back, through which the sheriff and armed deputies were hurriedly returning the prisoner to jail. Tear gas, thrown by Deputy Boggess, was blown back into the faces of the officers. Sheriff Carmichael was shot twice fatally. Deputy Sheriff Dee Roberts turned and killed two workers, Velarde and Esquibel, the latter shot in the back. No guns were found on either of these victims who, Roberts claimed, were shooting at Carmichael. Roberts continued shooting into the fleeing crowd and proudly winged one woman in the leg. Terror has reigned unbroken in Gallup to this day. "Outsiders" are jailed on suspicion or else kidnaped and beaten as were Robert Minor and David Levinson in May 1935.

Of the six hundred workers arrested and questioned, the forty-eight charged with first degree murder at the preliminary hearing (including ten women), and the ten brought to trial in Aztec, New Mexico, in October 1935, there now remain but two to serve out a life-sentence, unless it is found possible to carry the case to the United States Supreme Court. Leandro Velarde, the third prisoner, brother of the worker whom Roberts killed, was freed. The jury at Aztec brought in a second degree verdict with a recommendation for clemency. The sentence for second degree murder in New Mexico can be as little as three years. Judge McGhee's idea of clemency for labor leaders is forty-five to sixty years.

The appeal in behalf of Ochoa, Avitia, and Velarde was argued before the New Mexico Supreme Court on January 16 of this year. Appellants charged error on the part of Judge McGhee on six points, chief of which were his comments on the testimony (he gave high praise to the three chief prosecution witnesses) and the fact that he allowed the jury to consider a second degree verdict. Defense attorneys claimed that the defendants were guilty of first degree predicated on a killing incidental to the commission of a felony (helping a prisoner to escape) or of nothing.

Justice Brice asked the attorney-general: "Mr. Patton, does the state have any theory as to just who it was who shot Sheriff Carmichael?"

"No, your honor," answered Patton. "The state has no theory. We have no idea who killed Carmichael."

Now if the state will concede that anyone in that crowd might have killed Carmichael, how is it possible for the five Supreme Court justices to hold Ochoa and Avitia rightfully convicted of second degree murder, not as actual participants but as aiders and abettors? If Carmichael was shot by one of his own deputies, as persistent gossip among law officers of New Mexico continues to say, is it conceivable that Ochoa and Avitia were aiding and abetting one of these deputies? Hardly. Ochoa is an outstanding leader of the Spanish workers. Avitia was very active during the 1933 strike.

"It is unnecessary," said the court, "for the state to show who actually fired the fatal shot if proof is sufficient to warrant the inference as to a given defendant that, if he

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did not fire it, he aided and abetted him who did it."

But all this is not the reason why Ochoa and Avitia are in prison. This is the law speaking, but what lies behind the law? Ask Tom Mooney. Ask the Scottsboro boys. Ask the state of Massachusetts why it murdered Sacco and Vanzetti.

Crippling Copeland

A WEEK ago, New York City mayoralty candidates Copeland and Mahoney were floating high on hopes, busily inflating their balloons with self-congratulatory hot air. Events came, punctured the balloons, and they both came tumbling down. With all labor arrayed against him, Copeland had fished for A. F. of L. support by decrying the C.I.O. In convention at Jamestown, the State Federation of Labor ignored his bid, and endorsing a local candidate for the first time in its history, it unanimously backed Mayor LaGuardia. Next, a revealing outburst of support from the Republican Committee for Copeland, a group of triple-distilled reactionaries, didn't help the doctor's game. The Republican journalistic mentor of America, the *Herald Tribune* itself, regretted the committee's introduction of the Supreme Court issue, LaGuardia's support of the New Deal and "betrayal" of the Republican Party, and reiterated its support of LaGuardia on the basis of "good government." Strangely enough, the *Herald Tribune* thus had tacitly to condone the Mayor's liberal police, labor and relief policies, which the committee had also excoriated.

But the climax to this series of events was the topping-off of the working united front which has built itself up around the American Labor Party, by the Communist Party's announcement of support of LaGuardia. In a radio speech, Earl Browder announced that the Communist Party accepts the A.L.P. ticket "as a matter of united front discipline and will do everything possible to carry it on to victory." Only Socialist endorsement, which their nominee, Norman Thomas, in turn holds out and then snatches back, remains to complete the united front. The New York *Sun* and the Hearst press naturally attacked the mayor for being endorsed by the Communists; but the mayor coolly disclaimed any interest in the nomination: "If they are interested in good municipal government, that is their affair." Browder commended this "sensible" attitude, emphasizing that the candidate of such a broad united front could take no responsibility for the views of his supporters. Thus, by the attitude of both parties, the ground was effectively removed from under the feet of the Red-baiters. The remaining newspapers, all of whom support LaGuardia, by their editorial silence implied some form of consent—however grudging in reality—to the Communist endorsement. Thus, by a complete assortment of its enemies, the Communist Party received recognition of its powerful influence.

As for the vocal campaigns, little need be said. Both Mahoney and Copeland have been angling for the foreign and racial vote by the crudest methods. Both rushed to disown the bombshell of the appointment of the notorious ex-mayor Walker to a transit board post, which has actually smeared them both. Mahoney has revealed his allegiance to Copeland's "principles" by pledging his support in case Copeland wins the primary election. Here again, events pricked the bubble of words for Dr. Copeland. Despite his wooing of the "Jewish vote," it took him six days to decide to repudiate the declared support of the New York Nazi organization—and then, only because they were followers of "alien doctrines."

Hillman's March to the Sea

IN NUMBER of wage earners engaged, the textile industry is the largest in America. Famous for low wages, long hours, and all-round bad working conditions, textiles have long been a stumbling block to labor organizations. Paterson, Lawrence, and Gastonia, to mention only a few, are textile towns where workers have come to grips with union-hating employers in bittter struggle. Backward technologically, this basic industry, which introduced the factory system to eighteenth-century England, has clung to its old traditions of speed-up, stretch-out, and poor pay. And when the N.R.A. got under way, the textile code shocked the country with its low wage provisions and scandalous differentials designed to perpetuate economic slavery below the Mason-Dixon line.

Last March a C.I.O. affiliate, the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, came into being. Today more than two hundred thousand employees are protected by C.I.O. contracts. Recently the union has carried on a very successful strike in the silk and rayon industry, which brought wage increases and collective bargaining to all but a handful of mills. Now the T.W.O.C. is turning its attention to the one hundred and sixty thousand workers who make woolens and worsteds. Sidney Hillman, chairman of the committee, has announced that the American Woolen Co. has agreed to an N.L.R.B. poll of the ten thousand employees in its Lawrence, Mass., plant.

In 1912, when the I.W.W. attempted to organize American Woolen Co. workers, Lawrence was the scene of a long and bloody strike. American Woolen is the General Motors of its field. Like General Motors it has read the signs of the times, and has at last moved in the direction of a twentieth-century labor policy. Elections covering the company's eighteen-thousand employees in other plants from New England to Kentucky will follow the balloting at Lawrence. As the T.W.O.C. program gathers headway, workers in this long-sick industry are tasting the first fruits of genuine labor solidarity. And with American Woolen on the dotted line, more T.W.O.C. organizers can turn south—to join Hillman's march to the sea.

Social Security for Green

EVENTS at the recent St. Louis convention of the International Photo-Engravers Union (A. F. of L.) show how strong the rank-and-file desire for labor unity has become. After unanimously adopting a resolution in favor of reuniting the "great family of labor in this country," a unique proposal was made from the convention floor. Realizing that irreconcilable A. F. of L. leaders might block coöperation almost indefinitely, a delegate suggested that these monarchs be pensioned off in order to get them out of the way!

Mellon's Millions

THE poker face of Andrew Mellon, which appeared in the press again this week, was no more inscrutable than the canned obituaries which accompanied it.

Snow

"You Can't Take It with You"

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That they failed to light the dark places of his career was amply proved by their estimates of his fortune. They mentioned an outside figure of $500,000,000, but that doesn't begin to tell the story, any more than did his own incautious admission of ownership of $205,000,000. The group Mellon headed dominates thirty-five banks and insurance companies. These, together with forty non-financial corporations under Mellon control, have assets totaling $4,250,000,000. This overlooks rather extensive real estate holdings and neglects the indirect power the Mellon fortune exerts in the house of Morgan and other money citadels. Careful estimates have put Mr. Mellon's personal fortune at two billion dollars. It is typical of him that he so manipulated his holdings that it may turn out that only $180,000 of this huge fortune will be subject to inheritance taxes.

His biographers will do well to examine his relationships with Boies Penrose, whose graft-ridden political machine functioned under Mellon's ægis. And his twelve years as secretary of the treasury under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover should prove an inexhaustible mine of data on the way a capitalist state serves its ruling class. For example, we know about tax refunds to corporate interests totaling $14,000,000,000.

Though his eighty-two years carried Andrew Mellon through the golden era of Coolidge-Hoover prosperity and the depression, on into the New Deal, his credo never underwent any observable change. At his death the federal government was vainly litigating to recover $3,000,000 in taxes due. The widespread tragedy of the great crisis failed to awaken in him a trace of social consciousness. Owning the most ruthless and perfect monopoly in the world—the Aluminum Co. of America—his labor policy still ran true to form when last May brought injury and death to striking employees of his Alcoa plant. It was a Mellon brother, Richard B., who put his policy most succinctly when he said, "You cannot run a coal company without machine guns."

Freedom of the ABC's

ESPECIAL significance attaches to the recent convention of the American Federation of Teachers at Madison, Wis. Quite apart from its direct effect upon the labor movement, the attitude of our teaching force is a tremendously important social factor. For in spite of the hampering pressure that reactionary school boards and other authorities exert, progressive teachers can play a vital part in building a new society. And if one may judge by the Madison convention, the great majority of men and women who follow this profession are so inclined.

Dr. Jerome Davis, whose dismissal from Yale University for "motives of economy" aroused a nation-wide storm of protest, was reëlected president, more than doubling the vote of his pro-A. F. of L. opponent. Professor Davis is strongly favorable to the C.I.O., as are ten of the fifteen newly elected vice-presidents. He is also an advocate of full unity within the labor movement, and as a delegate to the Denver A. F. of L. convention can be expected to wield considerable influence there.

In spite of efforts by A. F. of L. sympathizers to postpone the issue for at least another year, the teachers decided to conduct an early referendum on the question of leaving the A. F. of L. to join the C.I.O. Following this, the convention adopted a resolution which calls for the formation of state farmer-labor-progressive organizations and a national farmer-labor party. Committees will be set up to investigate the fitness of present school curricula, with special emphasis upon three items, namely: (1) the teaching of practical democracy; (2) teaching the place that organized labor has held in the political and economic life of America; (3) the development of a people's culture.

Such an ambitious and forward-looking program should command the support of all progressive groups. For as Arnold Shukotoff, chairman of the Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure, pointed out, labor activity and the political, social, and economic views of teachers resulted in more unwarranted dismissals than all other causes.

From 1919 to 1937

IT IS a pity that nobody has as yet written a full and adequate account of the Communist Party in this country. A good deal of the story is told in William Z. Foster's recent autobiography, *From Bryan to Stalin,* and there are a number of valuable pamphlets on the subject, but a comprehensive job remains to be done. These thoughts are prompted by the eighteenth anniversary of the Communist Party on September 1.

There may be some difference of opinion between persons of conflicting political views on any evaluation of the work of the Communist Party. But it is hard to see how any disagreement could arise on the party's important impact on our national life.

The labor movement immediately following the World War was in ferment. Issues meant far more than party allegiances. Especially was this true of the post-war Socialist Party after the formation of the Communist International in March 1919.

Left and right wings arose, based essentially on the differences between social reform and social revolution. The left wing was finally expelled en masse in August of that year. Two new parties took the field, the Communist Labor Party and the Communist Party. The chief difference between the two was the question of working with the parent Socialist Party. It was not until June 1921, when an influential group of I.W.W. leaders and members accepted the Communist program that a united party, the Communist Party of America, was formed.

Since those early days, the Communist Party has moved ahead slowly but surely, though not without periods of difficulty. For several years, government repression forced the movement underground. The *Daily Worker* was not established until January 1923. On this eighteenth anniversary of the party, plans are under way greatly to enlarge the Communist press by starting two additional daily newspapers, one for Chicago and the Mid-West and one for San Francisco and the West Coast.

The first large scale strike conducted under Communist leadership was the Passaic textile strike of 1926. The next year, the party took a leading role in the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. Throughout this period, the movement suffered from severe factional strife which weakened it to such an extent that by 1929, membership had fallen to nine thousand. After the expulsion of the Trotskyites in 1928 and the further expulsion of a right-wing group under Jay Lovestone the following year, the path was cleared for progress. The present secretary of the party, Earl Browder, came to the helm in 1930. By 1933, membership had increased to eighteen thousand. By 1935, the number had risen to thirty thousand. In June 1936, there were forty-one thousand. Today the party has fifty thousand members, and the number is still climbing.

Never have the strength, unity, and opportunities before the Communist movement been greater or sounder than at present. Communists are today working in harmony with the great progressive currents which are sweeping through the American labor movement. They are contributing much to the C.I.O., to the unity movement in the labor movement as a whole, and to the formation of a farmer-labor party.

Most of us take a holiday on birthdays, but the Communist Party is taking on a lot of extra work. This is as it should be in a movement dedicated to progress, peace, and plenty.

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The Auto Union Aims at Ford

Consolidating its ranks in convention, the youthful U.A.W.A. makes ready for one of the most crucial battles in labor history

By DeWitt Gilpin

"WE SAY," declared President Homer Martin, as he looked down upon some eleven hundred delegates representing four hundred thousand union auto workers, "Henry, if you intend to make and sell cars in America, get ready to put a union label on those Fords."

Without further ado the eleven hundred delegates to a man swung into one of the many exuberant and deafening demonstrations that occurred whenever the question of organizing the plants of the Ford Motor Co. was raised at the second annual convention of the United Automobile Workers of America.

They danced and paraded. They overturned tables and beat upon them with chairs. They roared and sang—sang with the same resounding vigor those words that rang throughout the strike-bound plants of General Motors and Chrysler last winter: "Solidarity forever, for the union makes us strong."

Up in the balconies, the audience caught the enthusiasm and staged a show of its own. Hats and programs came sailing down upon the arena floor as President Martin announced that the demonstration represented "the beat of the funeral dirge of the open shop in the auto industry."

Such demonstrations, which occurred several times daily, indicated better than anything else the energy and interest of the delegates in their youthful, democratic union which, in the words of David Dubinsky, was created and is governed on the basis of the slogan of "One for all and all for one."

In keeping with its progressive record, the union, placing the major emphasis upon the organization of Ford's plant, adopted at its convention a program that is an important contribution to the most advanced section of the American labor movement, headed by the C.I.O.

In the biting language that the auto workers developed in assailing the open-shop policies of the motor barons, they denounced police terror and the rising vigilante movement and called upon the federal and state government to outlaw and disarm all anti-labor bands.

Where vigilante groups, such as the Ford service system, operate under the guise of legality, they asked Congress to immediately take steps to end such practices. Police terror, widespread throughout the steel strike, was condemned forcefully.

Placing a kick squarely in the rear of the fat gentleman who represents Wall Street in the cartoons, the delegates reaffirmed the use of sit-down strikes.

Pointing out that the cry raised against them does not come from the fact that the tories consider the organization of the union a step towards revolution, but because "the strikes were so effective and they were unable to operate their plants with strikebreakers," the sit-down strike, said the resolution of the convention, "will remain labor's most effective weapon against the autocracy of industry."

Cuffing the capitalist press around roughly, the delegates dedicated themselves to the task of making possible a daily newspaper to replace the present weekly, and then yelled until the reporters of the American Newspaper Guild in the press box stood up and received a cheer. With the informality that characterized the convention, the delegates asked a lot of embarrassing questions of the news-hawks who weren't carrying a union card.

The convention aimed a blow at the merchants of death, when it called for coöperation with all peace movements. Also directed against the munitions makers was a resolution asking Congress to prohibit the sale and storage of guns and tear-gas to corporations to be used in the "murder of their employees who dare protest their working conditions." Half the color of the convention appeared not on the floor of the auditorium but outside on the streets of Milwaukee. The delegates, the men wearing various-hued union caps and the women in the green and red capes and hats of the auxiliaries, paraded endlessly day and night on the streets of the downtown area.

Soriano

"Put a union label on those Fords!"

They took over hotel lobbies and night club floor shows, and entertained their audiences by singing union songs, many of which were composed by amateur lyric writers when they were sitting tight within the domains of Sloan and Chrysler. It was a victory convention, and the delegates acquainted the residents of Milwaukee with that fact.

Building a union from thirty-five thousand to four hundred thousand in one year is something to shout about, and the delegates did so without restraint. Inside the convention, with festivities forgotten, the delegates applied themselves seriously to the business at hand. Probably no more touching moment occurred than when the convention, without instructions from the chair, voted unanimously to give Tom Mooney ten thousand dollars to aid him in his fight for freedom. More recent victims of an anti-labor frame-up—the eleven C.I.O. miners in Galena, Kan., who face murder charges—were also assisted financially. The Red-scare, which certain nondescript reactionary elements had hoped to introduce as a political maneuver, was hopelessly crushed by the progressive actions of the delegates.

From the moment that President Martin declared from the chair that William Green had called him a Communist by inference, but that "Green didn't know communism from rheumatism" because he had been out of touch with workers for so many years, any hope of using this weapon in the convention for the purpose of disruption was denied the reactionary grouplets.

David Dubinsky, speaking to the convention as a representative of the C.I.O., further clarified this issue when he declared that not only do Communists belong to unions, "but that they also belong to the activities of the unions, they belong to the responsibilities of the unions, and as long as they will serve the workers and the organization I have no quarrel with Communists." John L. Lewis, burly leader of the C.I.O. and hero of the delegates, was accorded an ovation that included a parade boasting two bands. Grim and unbending at first, Lewis, touched by the tribute, smiled and waved his heavy arm as delegation after delegation passed in review. In his speech he reviewed the history of the Auto Workers' Union and of the C.I.O. and laid before the convention the perspective of completing the

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job of organizing the unorganized. Lashing out at Green and his "Little Lord Fauntleroy" organization, he compared the A. F. of L. chief to the betrayers of the Irish and British labor movement and referred to him as a "contemptible traitor."

But in analyzing the tasks ahead, Lewis declared that Henry Ford "will be a tired old man one of these days if he keeps believing that he is bigger than the automobile workers." Lewis's speech definitely ended a possibility of success for the policy of excluding outstanding international officers of the union in the elections of the convention. This policy, put forward by a tiny band of the followers of Jay Lovestone, aimed to drive out all elements except those over which they could establish influence. In making his position clear on the question, Lewis said: "Just what do you expect of officers? As a matter of fact, I think that the fabrication of this great union of yours in a year's time is one of the outstanding accomplishments that labor anywhere in the world has ever seen. I think that the officers of this organization that led you through that enterprise are worthy of your consideration."

Inwardly in the union, Lewis's speech strengthened the unity of the organization and established a closer relationship between it and its parent organization, the C.I.O.

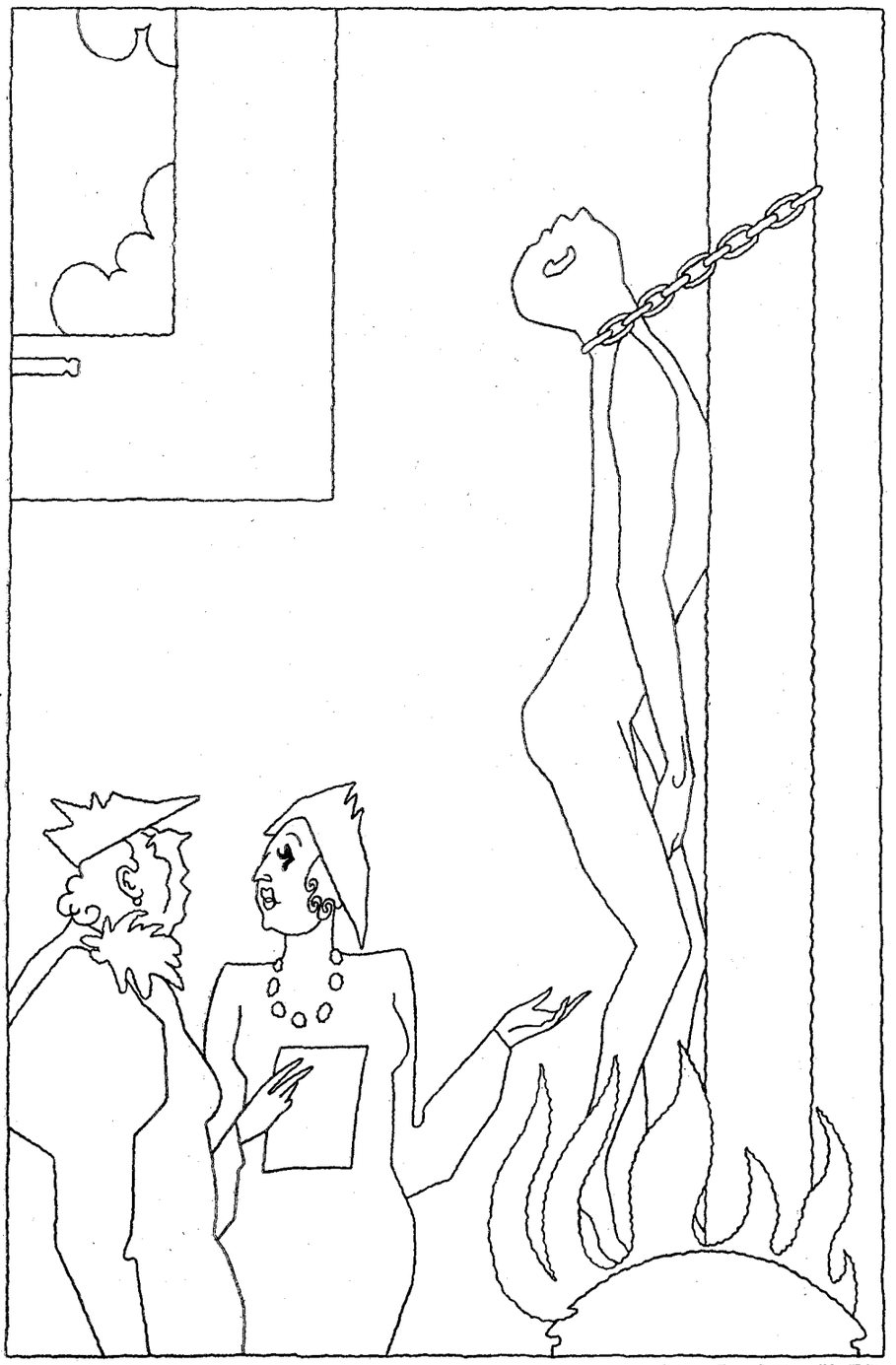
Through Lewis's address and through representatives of the C.I.O., the union problems of the constitution, powers of the president, and the autonomy of locals were solved in such a manner that the U.A.W. remains second to none as a democratic union. The most important resolution of the convention, that which deals with the organization of the Ford plants, details a complete plan of work through which the union will tackle the last of the "open shoppers" in auto. The union will utilize house-to-house canvassing, posters, and radio advertising to reach the Ford workers. Neighborhood and foreign language groups are to be utilized for support as are all "other agencies of support." Inside the Ford plants themselves, department committees and building committees are to be set up. Initial funds are to be placed in a "war chest" and four hundred thousand dollars are to be raised immediately by a special assessment of one dollar per member. At the convention speaker after speaker took the floor to urge the fullest possible support of the Ford drive until the delegates began to shout in unison for Walter Reuther, popular red-thatched leader of the strong West Side local in Detroit, whose district includes the huge River Rouge plant.

Recovered only recently from the terrible beating given him by Ford service men, Reuther stepped to the microphone but refused to make a speech. "As a worker who has been a slave for seven years and at one time one of King Henry's slaves, I have only this to say. Once we went to the Ford plant and were beaten up. Then we went again and weren't beaten up. Why? Because the workers of Detroit, knowing what Ford is now, turned out and outnumbered the service men ten to one. That is the way it must be done. Every auto worker must help organize Ford's. Every worker who can must help." Reuther paused. The crowded auditorium, sensing something dramatic, delayed its applause. "At this time," Reuther continued, "I would like to introduce a Ford union member from the River Rouge plant, a man who is daring stool pigeons and service men to appear before you, a man who risks his livelihood. I will not give his name. I ask that he be protected from photographers."

The Ford worker, his union cap at a jaunty angle, stepped to the microphone in a silence so great that a drop of a pin would have sounded like a boom of a big Bertha and spoke these few words: "The Ford workers of America expect this convention to back us 100 percent, so that at our next convention we can report we are organized 100 percent."

Bedlam reigned again. Around the hall went the delegates, raising a deafening din that the "tired old man" in Dearborn must have heard if he were listening. United behind a representative leadership headed by Homer Martin, the United Automobile Workers of America are marching again, this time toward Ford's. They have their work cut out.

"Before another snow flies," said President Martin, "Henry Ford or somebody for him, will sign on the dotted line."



Gardner Bea (Courtesy "O. K.")

"Of course it's art, Honey, but as a dyed-in-the-wool, states-rights southerner, Ah miss the smell of burnin' flesh."

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The Socialist Housecleaning

The expulsion of the Trotskyites was a necessary step, but one which must be followed by the rooting out of Trotskyism

By Paul Novick

FIFTY-FOUR Trotskyites, including Schachtman, Abern, James Burnham, Maurice Spector, Felix Morrow, George Novack, were expelled from the New York Socialist Party in the middle of July. Another seventy-six Trotskyites were expelled toward the end of the month. While New York was taking such drastic action, the National Executive Committee of the S.P. suspended the charter of the state organization in California, removing thereby the Trotskyites headed by Cannon from leadership. Ward Rogers was appointed to take charge of the California reorganization.

The attitude toward the American Labor Party and—more specifically—toward LaGuardia was the immediate issue in New York. The Trotskyites' insistence on the nomination of an S.P. candidate for mayor, which would have brought the S.P. into a head-on collision with American Labor Party, the unions, the entire labor movement, and all progressive forces, may have helped bring matters to a head. However, the issue is not LaGuardia and is not merely limited to New York, as evidenced by the struggle in California.

Unquestionably, more sections will be heard from. There are rumblings in Chicago. The Trotskyites have also put up in New York a group which is posing as the Young People's Socialist League. The Trotskyites entered the Socialist Party as an organized bloc for the purpose of capturing it. They succeeded in getting into the leadership of certain locals and institutions of the party. Now that the Trotskyist leadership is openly fighting the party through its own publications as well as through the capitalist press, the struggle against the Trotskyites inside the S.P. will not end with the above expulsions.

It was only little over a year ago that the Trotskyist leaders were converging on the S.P. convention held in Cleveland in May 1936, where the struggle with the reactionary old guard of the S.P. was to be settled. After having wrecked the so-called American Workers' Party (Muste, etc.), the little clique was ready for similar action. The leadership of the Socialist Party ignored the experiences the workers of the United States had had with the Trotskyites. It did not heed the warnings of the Communist Party which had rid itself of this group years ago. It ignored the experiences of the Socialists abroad.

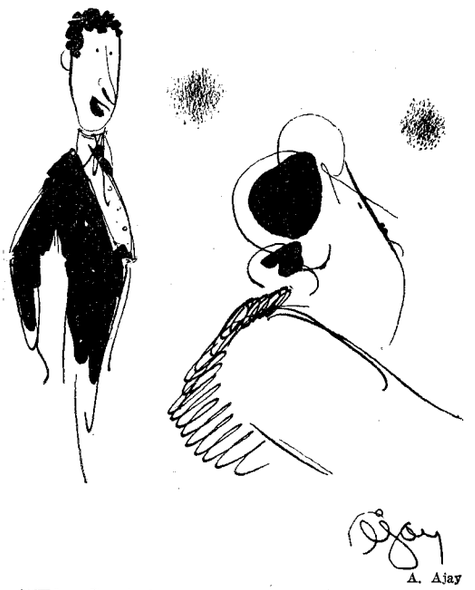
In Cleveland, the decks were cleared for a real advance of the Socialist Party. The Waldman-Oneal group, which had held the party in check for years, was eliminated. The party had rid itself of the discredited anti-Soviet, Red-baiting old guard, faithful allies of Green and Woll, who for years blocked the road of united working-class action. At last the S.P. was ready for some real work. But those attending the convention, listening to some of its resolutions, had their misgivings. Some Trotskyites had already come in, some Trotskyism had already crept in. The resolution on war, the lukewarm attitude toward the Soviet Union (to put it mildly) were only forebodings of what was to come. The Trotskyites were received with open arms.

As Norman Thomas put it, the S.P. was to be an "all-inclusive" party. But the old guard was rejected by the membership. For the sake of argument we are permitted to presume that an organized group openly proclaiming a Communist program would not have been accepted by Thomas and other leaders. This "all-inclusiveness" was merely a convenient vehicle allowing the Trotskyites to come in.

The *Socialist Call* of August 21 last, in an editorial, "The Trotskyites," states:

> The Trotskyites are carrying through in America the final act in a series of international acts. During the last year the Trotskyites have broken from *every party in the world* with which they were affiliated—in order to launch their Trotskyite international.

But this process of "breaking away" (by this nice though somewhat ambiguous term the *Call* really means *expulsion*) from "every party" had begun long before the Cleveland convention. There was already at that time the example of France, where the Trotskyites were expelled from the S.P. for their wrecking activities against the united front and the People's Front. The leadership of the American Socialist Party did not heed this lesson, precisely because of its stand towards the united front and other problems. It therefore admitted the Trotskyites *despite* the experiences of the Socialist parties abroad. It is important to keep this in mind if the S.P. is going to benefit by the present cleansing.



"The Socialists have expelled me, too, Mama. Where's that application card from Gerald K. Smith?"

THE FIGURES of the membership of the Socialist Party tell a story of wrecking and destruction on an amazing scale. In six months, from May to November 1936, the membership roll went down from about 16,000 to 6820. By January 1, 1937, the total was 6093. We may presume that the figures are lower than that now. The Trotskyites are boasting that the membership of the S.P. in Wisconsin went down "from some 4000 to 400." Taking information from such sources for what it is worth, one must admit, however, that the Trotskyites certainly have a lot of first-hand knowledge about this subject of wrecking.

True, quite a number of members were lost because of the expulsion of the old guard, particularly in local New York. But there were many more of their number ready to join. Instead, additional thousands *left* the ranks. The reason for that is to be found in the statement of ten members who resigned from the S.P. in California at the beginning of July. These members of long standing declared that since the infiltration of the S.P. by the Trotskyites, the party was "no more the militant, revolutionary Socialist Party of Gene Debs" they joined years ago. The reasons are likewise to be found in the bulletin *Unite!* issued by the Connecticut Committee of Correspondence in February of this year. To quote a few lines from that bulletin:

> When, and by whom, was it decided that the Socialist Party was to be used to defend Trotsky, for instance? Or to attack the People's Front in Spain? . . . Or to sabotage the only country building socialism today? . . . What is the Socialist Party today? Does its right hand know what its left hand is doing? Is it with one hand collecting money to help the Spanish government and with the other stabbing Spain in the back? . . . What is holding Socialists back from the united front? . . . Can Socialists find nothing else to fight than anti-fascist organizations?

In a supplement to that bulletin signed by many members in Connecticut, the attitude of the leadership of the S.P. towards the "de-

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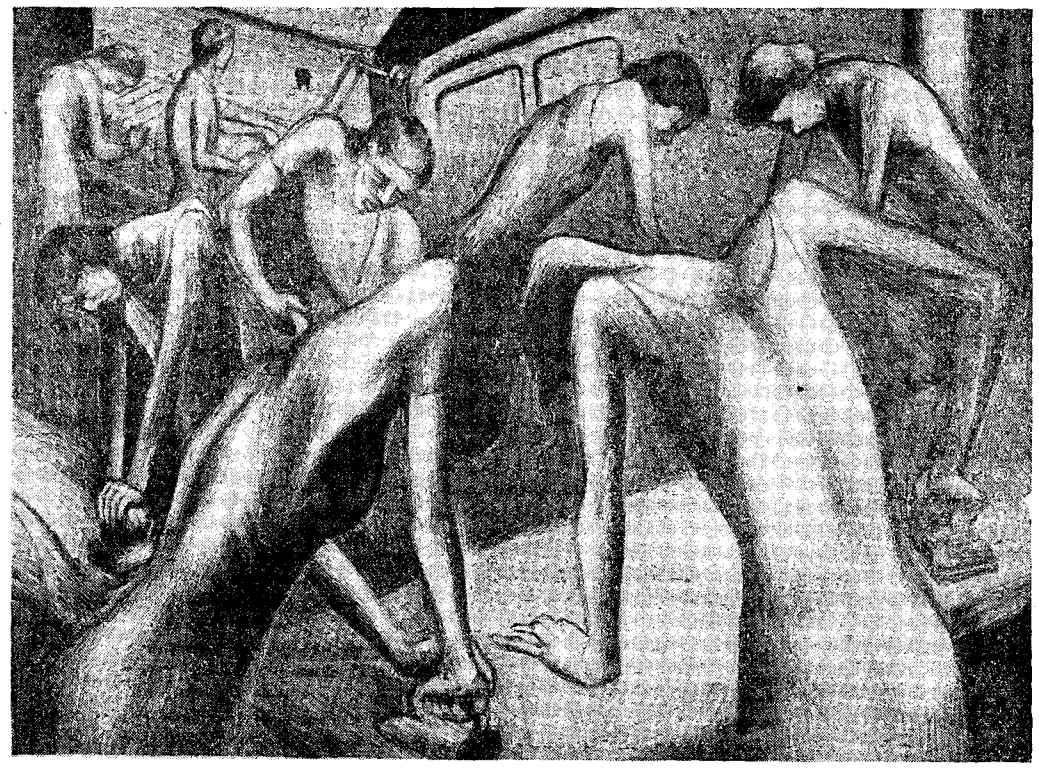
fense" of Trotsky, towards Spain, the Soviet Union, the united front, and people's front is sharply raised. "Our Party, far from becoming a mass party, is becoming more and more isolated," the signers declare. They attribute this, as well as other maladies of the party, to the pernicious influence of Trotskyism.

In March of this year, prior to the special convention of the Socialist Party in Chicago, a statement was issued by a number of leaders and rank-and-file members of the S.P. in Wisconsin, members of long standing, calling for the expulsion of the Trotskyites in order to save the party. The pamphlet issued by one of the leaders of the S.P. in that state, Paul Porter, analyzed the present situation, nationally and internationally, showing that the counter-revolutionary line of Trotskyism was the basis of the trouble in the S.P. at the present time.

The special convention in Chicago was split into several caucuses (Trotskyites, Clarity group, Wisconsin Socialists, Thomas group, etc.) with the Clarity group and others siding with the Trotskyites on some occasions, and the Thomas group vacillating. The Trotskyist influence was felt in the resolution on war, in the decision on the Trotskyist wrecking of the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, and in other instances. There was no question of expelling the Trotskyites. It is only now—one might say at the eleventh hour—that the majority of the various groups decided that in order to save the party—or what was left of it—the Trotskyites must be expelled.

Late, but not too late. The expulsion of the Trotskyites will be applauded by all who want to see the Socialist Party a part of the advancing millions of toilers in the United States. The basic question, however, is: Will *Trotskyism* be expelled from the S.P. alongside with the Trotskyites?



Lithograph by Joe Leboit (Courtesy W.P.A.)

The Laundry

According to the above-mentioned editorial of the *Socialist Call* ("The Trotskyites"), the expulsion is merely a technical matter. According to the *Socialist Call* the position of the S.P. has been as follows: "No person shall be expelled or excluded from the Socialist Party while ready to carry out the party line in public, *even if such persons do believe in the ultimate formation of a Fourth International"* (emphasis of the *Socialist Call*). It is, therefore, all right to infect the party which belongs to the Second International with all kinds of Trotskyist "Fourth International" ideas. It was only after the Trotskyites had carried their argument to the public that they were expelled.

Amazing. Hard to believe this could be written in the central organ of the party which is now waging a bitter struggle against the Trotskyites. It just makes no political or any other sense. As if heretofore the Trotskyites were hiding their real face from the public! As if the S.P. has not been actually seething, *quite publicly,* for over a year because of the line of the "Fourth International" people! As if their propaganda inside the party was not intended eventually to come out in public?

One becomes less amazed at the editorial in the *Socialist Call* when one sees in the same issue an article in defense of the P.O.U.M., the organization which openly admitted its leading role in the counter-revolutionary rebellion in Barcelona, which cost the lives of over one thousand people and has caused the Spanish anti-fascist struggle inestimable harm (and which rebellion, by the way, was condemned by Norman Thomas). In the issue of the *Socialist Call* of August 28, the same writer, a known Trotskyite, James T. Farrell, busies himself—for a novelty—with the Moscow trials, attacking "Stalinism" in a most dastardly manner (of course!) and defending the Trotskyist traitors. The subject matter he relies upon happens to be a book published by the same Trotskyites who were expelled ten days previously . . . and who are issuing literature accusing the S.P. leadership of a "frame-up" or acting like "stool pigeons."

It would seem, therefore, that the S.P. is expelling *some* Trotskyites without expelling Trotskyism. If this is really so, the expulsion of a few score of Trotskyites and the suspension of one or more state organizations will be of no avail. The expulsions will reflect the pressure of the rank and file and the frantic attempts to save a rapidly declining party. However, without an expulsion of *Trotskyism,* without introducing a real change in the attitude towards mass work, the united front and people's front, Spain, the Soviet Union—without a real *political* cleansing, without a complete rejection of unprincipled "all-inclusiveness," one may doubt whether the S.P. will save itself from the fate which the Musteite American Workers' Party suffered when the Trotskyites joined it.

The contradiction between the expulsion of the Trotskyites and the policies of the S.P. was lucidly brought out by Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, in his radio address on August 26, in New York. Browder said:

> We must applaud Thomas for these expulsions, for that group is a bunch of wreckers, Trotskyites, enemies of everything decent in political life. We warned Thomas against admitting them to his party last year. They have almost completely wrecked his party. Now they insist that Thomas must run for mayor. Thomas is kicking them out, but is still debating whether to follow their advice. Some unkind people insinuate that this is only to drive a hard bargain with the American Labor Party; that would also be a mistake, if true, because since Thomas began playing around with Trotsky he hasn't much left to bargain with. We can give only one word of advice to the serious and sincere Socialists—drop your little side-shows, and get into the movement for unity of all progressive forces around the American Labor Party. Only that will rehabilitate your party and make unnecessary any petty bargaining.

This is really the test now. Will the S.P. get out of the dead alley of isolation it was led into by poisonous *policies?* Will it stop "playing around with Trotsky"? Will it get into the forward march of the progressive forces in the U.S.A.? Will it get into the united front and people's front (which have more than trebled the membership of the French S.P.)? Will it adopt a clear and positive policy toward the American Labor Party, the farmer-labor party, and give this general people's-front movement wholehearted support? Will it place itself on the side of the forces which are fighting against war and fascism, on the side of the Soviet Union, the bulwark against war and fascism?

These are the questions now to be answered by the S.P. leadership.

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We Won't Forget

The W.P.A. marchers who went to Washington for jobs returned with pounding hearts and eyes blinded—plus lessons learned

By Hyde Partnow

BEFORE we marched onto them, the papers said blood would run. And afterwards they said typhoid and foul disease would break out among us and invade their homes. Cops flanked our lines and an ambulance tagged along. The marble doorway of every white building was guarded by cops.

They were frightened by what no jobs and no houses and no clothes could do to people.

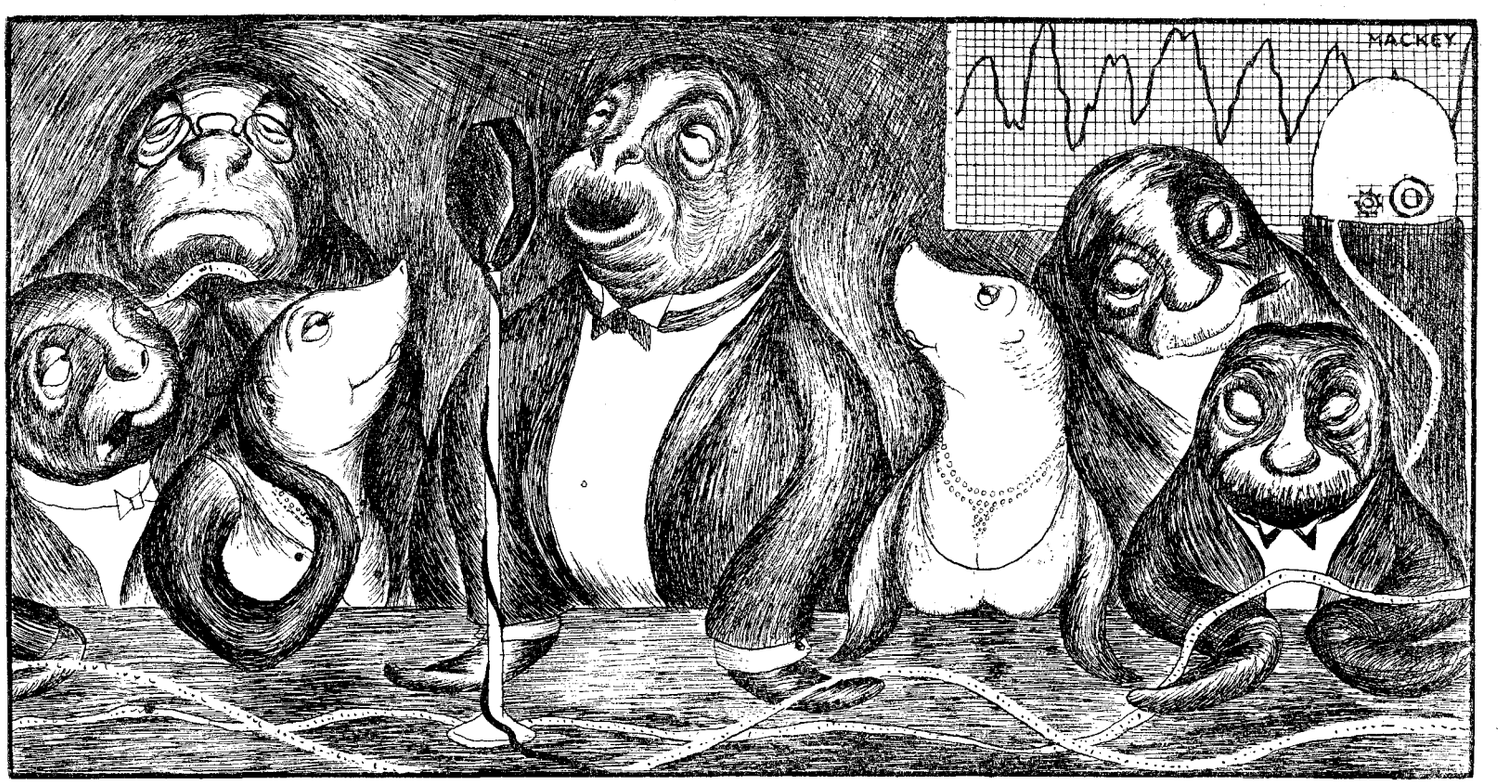
But we showed them that their tear gas, the gallons of it, was humorously useless. And the guns on the cops' hips were funny toys. And their worried ambulances were really a dishonest gesture. For hadn't it been they who had dumped us in the rain and mud? We showed them we wouldn't get sick. And twenty-five hundred of us from Florida to Oregon dwelt in the rain along the swollen Potomac and did not get sick. We did our picketing and our marching and made our decisions and won two victories and suffered one defeat, and we went away from the capital. The rain still droppeth on the tents of our forsaken camp. But it was no forsaken message we brought back to our cities. If we had not won back our own jobs, we had won this: none of our friends who had jobs would lose them. Three hundred thousand of them would go on working.

We might have begged for these three hundred thousand jobs. We were weary enough. We might have displayed our damp rags and begged for them. Or, crazy with the rain and mud, we might have grabbed bricks and clubs and raised hell. But this was our city. This heart of our states, with its Washington monument and Lincoln memorial, was ours. And some day, we knew, from this very spot we would rule.

So we neither begged nor rioted. We neither whined nor yelled. We knew what we wanted and we knew it was right to want it. And we faced the marble walls of the federal buildings and said: *Jobs, jobs, we want jobs.* Women in gingham and men in corduroy and wool and girls in cotton and silk and kids said it together. Miners and clerks and artists.

And none of the investment bankers in their swanky windows nor civil-service workers on the sidewalks nor U. S. leaders—none of these who had had regular meals that day and had gone to work with umbrellas and raincoats that morning and had slept that night in real beds and shut their windows on the rain—none of them could have told, as they looked at us, marching, that our coffee had been drunk in the rain and we had slept in rain-soaked blankets and plodded in rain and lived in mud for days. For, whenever we went to town, we wiped the clues off. We shaved our faces and whisked the stains from our trousers and pulled down our trouser cuffs and sewed our hems and dried our underwear and socks by fires of wet wood and scraped the mud from our stiff shoes and, girls and men, marched. Our dripping tents behind us, we wound four abreast under the soggy Washington maples, the leaves dropping and our blue banners flying. We marched, holding up pictures in our hands that our artists had painted, and filed into the Washington streets with people looking. We wanted them neither to despise us nor to pity us. And they didn't.

We'll remember the caravan of our bump-



UNNATURAL HISTORY

"Biting the hand that feeds them" is an apt phrase to describe the antics of the American Bloated Gripe (*Leagus liberti*). Sleek, rich in blubber, they somewhat resemble the seal family in that they glide from place to place on their bellies, roaring defiance at the world. When hungry they will fawn on their attendants appealingly, but when they have gorged themselves, they (unlike any other known species) will attack the same attendants ferociously. In summer they are found mostly in North Atlantic waters and in winter they return to their chief habitat, Wall Street.—JOHN MACKEY.

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ing buses on the curving roads and our floats flapping in wind as, with single purpose, we sped down our U. S. highways, to the capital. We'll remember the sirens of police escorts making way for us through big cities. We'll remember the workers in these cities as they swelled our caravan in Newark and Trenton and Philadelphia and Baltimore.

We'll remember, near Trenton, the sick old lady in the medical car, blubbering, "I won't go home. Let me die in the struggle." (She didn't.) Or, in Philadelphia, how we sent back breakfast because it was from Horn & Hardart, on strike in New York. And the storm over our buses in Baltimore. And at Camp Alliance, the greeting we got, with the rain dropping.

And we'll remember the people in camp—how they drifted in from California and Oklahoma and Oregon—and how we sang "Solidarity Forever" in greeting and crushed their hands. And how simply, with smiles, they told us of their hardships, and comrades stranded on every road in the U. S.

And we'll remember our leaders as they ate with us and rode in our buses and walked in the mud with us. Sam Wiseman, as he ate a cheese sandwich standing up. Dave Lasser, hanging onto a knapsack a job-marcher lost. Herbert Benjamin, trousers rolled up, plowing through mud. We'll remember them this way whenever they speak from platforms in nice clothes.

The happiness and pride like shooting pains through our bodies. We'll remember that.

I'd like to bring back certain moments. Passing a hospital zone on parade, twenty-five hundred of us, quiet as death. Slogans stopped, whispering stopped, no scraping of feet even. Or lunch in a park in the city center, playing games: "Pink slip, pink slip through my window. Oh, Harry, I'm *not* tired." Leaving not a scrap of rubbish on a blade of grass. Locking arms on a picket line at the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Conversations past midnight in tents with new comrades. Meetings at campfires with the rain and the blackness outside. Gathering at breakfast: strange crowds, intellectuals and workers, Chinese, Spanish, Indian, Negro. Strange costumes: blankets and burlap and newspapers. Strange head-dresses in the rain: banners and straw and rubber. Bare feet. Mud. Strange workers: lumberjacks, oil miners, pecan pickers. Strange songs, by homespun bards, from the sit-downs in Detroit and Harrisburg, from the strikes in Johnstown and Frisco. Strange speech: hillbilly, sharecropper, midwest.

I'd like to call back those people, the crowds of them. And certain individuals. The big black man reared up at a midnight campfire outside his tent, the wet willow shadows behind him and the Washington monument, singing his baritone song of how he was evicted in Missouri. The timber man from Washington State on a tent cot, speaking, pipe in mouth, of a strike in the north woods. The gingham housewife hacking at a Universal Newsreel photographer about organizin'. The elderly woman in big bonnet on the platform of the Greek-pillared auditorium of the marble-walled Department of Labor, drawling, "Folks, we gotta put people into them offices aroun' here that we won't have to job-march on." Ignoring the frescoes and the gold inlaid ceilings. In rain that was making the whole eastern coast grumble and sneeze.

We went home with pounding hearts and eyes blinded. We had told the President we weren't working. That the vanishing tricks of the Chamber of Commerce were fake. That the poor were alive. We got no work, but a letter from the President. The letter was a nice letter. But, as Herbert Benjamin said, we can't go to Washington and hold out a bushel basket and tell them to fill it. They filled it two-third's full anyway. And if we didn't get anything ourselves, our friends did. The Workers' Alliance did and that's us. And, anyway, we got more than a lifetime share of friendship and fraternity. And, with a new party and the new future that we saw on the faces of those, our best comrades, in camp, we will get people in office we won't have to job-march on.

There's a final scene that stays in my head like a painting. We're leaving camp. We stand and sit with our knapsacks in a truck that says "Hauling and Delivering." A group of us are looking out the back of the vanishing camp. Rainpools between sagging, cone-shaped tents. Rainspots like machine-gun spatter. We're all of us drenched. The supple Negro woman with her firm face in shadow. The young farmer with the wet brim of his hat rippling, his cheeks ruddy. The stout jolly housewife holding on to the truck sides as it lurches through the wet ruts. A young couple on a knapsack, smoking damp cigarettes and talking about letters from Spain. Someone coughs, someone sneezes. A straight-backed man, with a black lock cast down his strong forehead, a deep gold-brown blanket over his shoulders like a Rembrandt figure. The young couple talk of trenches in Spain, the mud, the dugouts. We're thinking, the rest of us, as we peek at the veins in each other's eyes and the fatigued mouths.

We are thinking that we are people who will never stop coming back, that no one will break us or kill us, nothing will. That we will live and breed and go on every year. And nothing will pull us apart or smash our ranks. That, wherever we are going, there the battle will be fine and friendship best. And that, in the year ahead, the noble sayings across the façades of the white buildings we are passing in our bumping truck will mean more than they do now.

★ ★ ★

Nature's Illusion

The last bird twitters and the light
Of day is giving way to night.
The hour is solemn, and the air
Is crystal quiet everywhere.
The sun has set, and, red as wine,
The quivering horizon-line
Grows gradually gray and gives
A sense of peace to all that lives. . . .

Only a *sense* of peace, but O!
The darkness covers up the woe
Of myriads for whose hearts, perhaps,
The night is but a naked lapse
Of bodily toil, but not of ache,
For they are silent, wide-awake
Under the inky sky which gapes
Callously on those suffering shapes.

The world is full of weary men
To whom all rest is alien,
The world is full of women whose
Bosom has lost the warm white ooze
Of motherhood through lack of bread,
The world is full of children dead
And dying children. . . .
But the hour
Is like a blossomed purple flower
Of utter peace, and evening spreads
Rich afterglows of after-reds
Melted to closing silvers which
Render the silence deep and rich,
And nothing sad or broken now
Appears upon the earth, somehow—
Illusion! yet the sky above
Knows that this world is not all love
And not all peace and not all grace:
Humanity! you hide a face
Under the darkness, stained and hurt,
You have no bread, you lie in dirt,
You have no clothes, you wear but chains,
You are exposed to hurricanes,
To chilly dews, to dust, to grime,
You go half-hungry all the time.
Your eyes are red for lack of sleep,
And dead, because they cannot weep;
Your blood has lost its human tone,
Death plays its flute in every bone;
Your brows are clouded with a grief
Which needs long ages for relief;
Your flesh is pale, your thoughts are like
Ten thousand workers gone on strike
With slogan-cries about to rend
The dumb cold heavens from end to end.
All this, all this you are, and—more!
And yet the night begins to pour
Over the earth as though it were
Stranger to wretchedness and care.
The last bird-twitter dies afar,
And twinkling star on twinkling star
Dances across the sky and gives
Truth's camouflage to all that lives.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

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A Message from La Pasionaria

In an exclusive interview, Spain's dynamic leader addresses the women of North America

By Gina Medem

EARLY in the Spanish war we were told by correspondents of leading American newspapers that a woman of fiery temperament, of tremendous will power and great love for the Spanish people, at the eve of the siege of Madrid in November, was running the streets of this city, massing the men and the youth with this slogan: "It is better to die while marching than to live on knees; it is a greater honor to be the widow of a hero than the wife of a coward." And out of those words the miracle of November 7, 1936, was born. The retreat and panicky running of the front was stopped, and the soldiers went back to the front, and Madrid began to consolidate its defense, its great work of organizing the army, the front and rear, the population, and the various problems of life during the most brutal of sieges. This woman was named Ibarruri, nicknamed "La Pasionaria."

Who is Dolores Ibarruri? First of all, the unusual combination of a very feminine, charming figure, with a fascinating smile, with tender, motherly arms which embrace the young girls of her audience, and a strong, metallic, and passionately colorful voice. She is the born orator. Her voice does not let you for a moment be apathetic, quiet, or indifferent. She speaks in images of such realism and penetrating truth that your next movement is to follow her because there is no alternative. Her dark, strong face, the black, expressive eyes, the vibrant mouth—everything is one powerful instrument. To capture the audience and to change it into one harmonious body is the easiest thing for her to do. She uses no catch phrases. She speaks of the past as if it were still the present. She keeps you in the midst of heroic achievements, alert and danger-conscious, without terrorizing and paralyzing you.

I asked her after a meeting, where I heard her speak, for an interview for the NEW MASSES. She told me that they all knew and loved that *revista* and that she would be glad to talk to me the next day at four o'clock at her office, the headquarters of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

And next day here we are, in a big office with closed windows and drawn window-shades because of the unbearable afternoon heat of Madrid. Another woman is here, the health inspector of the Ministry of Public Health, Camarada Casalina Mayoral. A young girl serves cold black coffee and ice-water, and soon La Pasionaria finishes her talk with the other woman, pulls a tremendous soft chair all by herself (to my great surprise) near my couch, and we begin to talk.

Bertrando Valloton

La Pasionaria

She is absolutely natural and sincere. So it gives her great pleasure when I tell her how every woman, man, and child in our movement knows her name and her tremendous role in Spain's liberating struggle. But she is modest and listens with her eyes lowered. Then she talks, answering my questions.

Her folks were miners, her husband is still a miner. She was long ago connected with the labor movement, organized the miners and their wives, and after the fall of the monarchy, in the very first year of the republic, got several prison sentences as an active Communist. She was also very active in the 1934 revolt of the Asturian miners. She was sentenced three times to eighteen, nine, and six years in prison. Through pressure of the labor masses the sentences were reduced to smaller terms, and her last prison term was brought to a stop eight days before the elections of the Frente Popular, in February 1936.

IN 1934, when both were in prison—she and her husband—their friends decided that the best thing to do with their two children was to send them to the Soviet Union. And there they are, a girl of fourteen and a boy of seventeen, the former at the Artek rest-home in the Crimea, and the latter working in a Moscow factory.

She told about the tremendous change which came into the life of the Spanish women not only of the city but of the country as well, so much so that twelve thousand peasant women joined the anti-fascist movement with working women of the city. This represents an army of new, conscious, eager forces who ask for teachers, for instructors, who influence and help the front as well as the rear.

New perspectives opened with this movement for the Spanish women; enslaved and illiterate for centuries, victims of the mighty and corrupt reactionary forces of the country and their associates, the clergy, they opened their eyes now. The women are now being incorporated into the public life of Spain, they are no longer spending all their time and thoughts on cookery merely, they are eager to learn, to write, and to read. The most important question for republican Spain now is to create enough cadres to supply the cultural and economic needs of the population.

The peasants underwent a deep change, both social and political. For the first time in history, they took possession of the land. They did not leave an acre of soil unplanted, and this year's harvest is really a national harvest.

Wherever the peasants turned to collective farming the government provided them with grain, credit facilities, technical and other supplies to assure their success, not forcing upon them any new, unknown methods of economy.

The result is the steady growth of the membership of and applications to the Communist Party which counts now 301,500 members; 22,000 women adhere to the anti-fascist movement; 65,000 members of the Communist Party are in Catalonia.

THERE is the grave problem of the children and evacuated women; the Spanish government is organizing colonies for infants and kids of the refugees who fled the invaded territories and, of course, this is still the weak point, as not all could be cared for and help is needed constantly. Answering my question of what could be done in this respect by us, anti-fascist women of the United States of America, La Pasionaria said, "Oh, so much! Help is so necessary—from clothing and food up to camps and homes for the duration of the war! We have beautiful palaces at the seashore which are now transformed into children's colonies, we have homes in Valencia and near Barcelona. But it is not enough, and the war is costly!" And she went on:

"I want to say to the mothers and to the women of North America that for more than a year now our Spain, our great and hospitable country, has been torn by a ferocious war of annihilation, provoked by the enemies of peace, democracy, and progress, and strengthened and

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helped by the German, Italian, and Portuguese fascists.

"Slanderous news about the character of our struggle has reached you. They have told you that the 'Reds,' as the traitors in revolt call us, commit every kind of crime and outrage.

"I tell you that this is not true. I ask you to believe me: I am a woman and a mother. I swear to you by my children—for a mother there is no more sacred oath—that there have been no crimes, no murders, no violations, no robberies, more outrageous than those carried out during this year of war by Franco's legions, composed of Moors, of mercenary legionnaires, of Germans and Italians that have come to our country in a plan of conquest, drunk with lust and hungry for booty.

"In the villages they have conquered there have taken place such horrible scenes that the tortures painted by Dante in his Inferno look like a pale reflection beside those which Franco's mercenaries inflicted upon their victims.

"Our great crime has consisted in loving liberty: in wanting our people to advance peacefully along the paths of justice and progress.

"But for the dominant ruling classes of our country, love of liberty was a felony; to fight in defense of it a crime. And in their reactionary and inquisitorial anxiety to stifle the people's love of liberty, they had no hesitation in allying themselves with Germany and Italy, to whom they have handed over parts of the soil of our country in exchange for their help in the task of making our Spain a nation of slaves under the bloody whip of fascism.

"Women and mothers of North America! In your country liberty and independence have also been fought for. And your national love of independence that you have learned to pass on to your children is identical with what we feel. Because of this you must understand all the better what our struggle symbolizes, what our anguish and our fears mean, and the fact that we, women and mothers who have the deepest love for peace, encourage our sons and our men to go to war.

"We do this because we understand perfectly that only through the crushing of our enemies can we establish a regime of peace, liberty, and democracy.

"In the battlefronts of our Spain there are hundreds of your sons, hundreds of Americans that in a holy crusade for the liberty and peace of the world have crossed the Atlantic and have come to fight, and perhaps to die, in our country.

"In the heart of every Spanish woman and mother a hymn of gratitude has been raised to these knights of democracy who, in a magnificent gesture, come to offer their lives to save those of our children, to defend the democratic conquests of our nation, to free the world from the terrible nightmare of war and of fascism.

"Do not leave them alone in their heroic and admirable gesture of solidarity. Ask them how people live, how they fight, and how they die in loyal Spain. Ask them who it is that destroys villages, towns, artistic treasures; who it is that machine-guns the women and children; who they are who impose their domination, founding it on mountains of victims and on torrents of blood generously given by the best sons of our people.

"And when you know the truth, the only truth about our struggle, the truth that your own sons must tell you as I tell you now, decide to help us quickly!

"Fight, women and mothers of North America, for the right of our legally constituted government to liberty of commerce! Fight so that the armies of invasion shall be withdrawn from our soil. Fight to prevent our children, our men of tomorrow, from suffering hunger or being ferociously murdered.

"The women and mothers of loyal Spain have faith in you, and believe that you will not disregard their appeal for solidarity.

"Mothers and women of America, in the name of the women and the mothers of the Spanish heroes that die on the battlefields, singing of liberty, *Salud!*"

Herb Kruckman

SEEING AMERICA FIRST
Fight Racket

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READERS' FORUM

Smiles in the Soviet Union—A personal statement—Japan on the West Coast

TO THE NEW MASSES:

● Reading Joseph Freeman's piece in Review and Comment, issue of August 24, one sentence intrigued me.

"Gide was struck by the 'arrogance' of the Soviet youth, Feuchtwanger perceived something greater and more fruitful."

Just before my visit to Soviet Russia last year, a local preacher returned from a visit there. In a public statement he said: "In all Leningrad I saw not one smile." That crack stuck in my craw. If I didn't do another thing, I was determined to look into that "smile" gag.

I was in Leningrad two and a half days and traveled about quite a bit. I saw practically nothing but smiles. I just could not understand why a preacher, who is supposed to tell the truth, should make such a statement and didn't understand until my return. A friend solved the riddle.

"Hell, Mac," said my friend, "how could anybody keep from laughing when they see that mug of yours? You always have a grin as wide as a barn. Take a good look at your preacher friend. Did you ever see him smile? He always looks like a particularly sad undertaker."

Of course, I do not know M. Gide personally, but I'll lay a little wager that he has a touch of arrogance himself. Like the preacher's funereal face, M. Gide's arrogance was being reflected back at him.

Bridgeport, Conn. T. F. MCLAUGHLIN.

From an Intellectual

TO THE NEW MASSES:

● I call myself an "intellectual." I'm really that only by label. Like so many others, I've graduated from the proletarian, manual work of my forebears to work that demands no greater labor than that of lifting a phone or signing a signature.

It took the depression to wake me up. The black years after twenty-nine reached out and grabbed me by the throat till I thought I'd suffocate. The realization of class lines, an exploration of our modern social structure, the beacon light that is Marx, in a murky world, and soon I was breathing and free and alive.

Which leads us to the Communist Party. Why have I become a member of the American section of the Third International when there's a Socialist Party that also offers itself as the leader of the working class? When there are other movements that vociferously claim preëminence in purity of purpose, clarity of thought, and determinedness of action?

The answer is simple. Once I have realized the rottenness of the system today prevailing, I want to overthrow it. That is the first step. After that, I want to build a new society, a society that is logical and just and abundant and beautiful. The name of that society is socialism.

We, citizens of the United States, who through suffering and pain and anguish have finally discovered the right goal, want to reach that goal in the shortest time possible. Which vehicle will bring us to our destination more quickly?

Has the Socialist Party started on the road yet? Its most fervent members cannot say "Yes." Has the Communist Party anything definite to offer? Yes: one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, 170 million people living under the red banner of triumphant socialism; a world-wide league of Communist Parties grouped into a mighty International.

This is not a world for perfectionists. There is no movement, no party, no force, that can meet all the demands of the hypercritical. The individual must adapt himself to the party. It is not possible the other way. Each person must make certain concessions for the sake of harmony of thought and unity of action.

Today there are many thousands of people—good people, sincere, honest people—who realize that the road to socialism is the road to peace and plenty and happiness. Yet because of psychological quirks, tiny quibblings, they do not enter into the work that alone can make socialism possible. They must take energetic steps to sweep aside these petty notions. If there is to be a bright future, they cannot let minor items stand in their way.

To join the Communist Party, to participate in its work, to fight for socialism in the same manner that created the mighty fortress of collectivism that is the Soviet Union—that is the task of every socially conscious citizen.

The party that embodies the best American traditions of revolution instead of reaction—of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln instead of Mussolini and Hitler and Hearst—that is the party for, of, and by the people.

It is active 365 days in the year, twenty-four hours a day. For it no grievance is too small, no issue too large.

This may read like a confession of faith. It is that in the sense that I have faith in my own kind, be they black or white, old or young, ugly or beautiful—the working class.

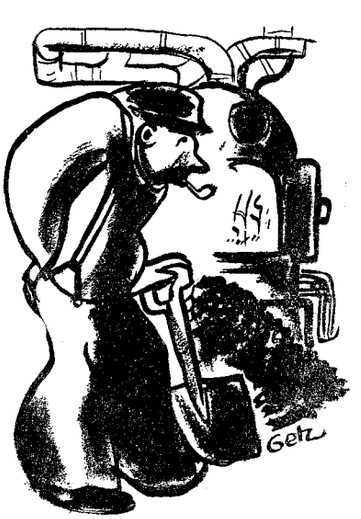
As surely as there's a sun in the heavens, this country of ours will be given back to the people only by the people themselves. And in the vanguard of the people will be the C.P.U.S.A. That is why I belong to it.

South Bend, Ind. G. F.

Japan's Agents in the U.S.A.

TO THE NEW MASSES:

● Several weeks ago, Consul Hori of Los Angeles made a statement to the Japanese press discreetly opposing the money-raising campaign of Japan's loyal subjects in California to purchase a "patriot" airplane for the imperial army. He said that it might be better for the sake of friendly relations between Japanese and American peoples if the money collected were used for another purpose, such as improving the general welfare of Japanese in California. To this the *California-Japanese Daily,* which professes to be a friend of union labor, answered with Publisher Fujii's editorial violently attacking the consul for his un-Japanese attitude. Consul Hori has been recalled to Japan since, and the paper is pushing a vigorous airplane drive.



Arthur Getz

On August 19, the Los Angeles *Japanese Daily News,* one of the largest Japanese papers in America, reported that a member of the Los Angeles police department had appeared at the headquarters of the Japanese Women's League of Southern California and made a contribution of six dollars, asking that the money be sent to Tokyo to be used by the army in China. The Women's League has been so active in its fund-raising drive that Paramount and Universal have sent their cameramen to picture the white-aproned ladies preparing the "comfort-bags."

The Los Angeles Japanese Association, known also as the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, reported that it had collected on August 18, more than $3200 to help the army in its anti-Chinese campaign. It is to be remembered that although this organization is perhaps the largest of its kind in the continental United States, it nevertheless is only one of the many similar organizations now engaged in the money-raising drive.

To my knowledge none of these organizations specifies the purpose of its campaign. If you ask pointedly, they will tell you it's for the purpose of "comforting" soldiers now fighting in China. If you are a Japanese and look sufficiently patriotic not to rouse their suspicions, they will tell you that if they explain it otherwise, it might conflict with the neutrality legislation of the United States.

I should be the last person on earth to begrudge any comfort to Japanese soldiers. Even in peace time, their working conditions are a thousand times worse than the treatment American soldiers receive. Yet anybody with a grain of sense can tell that it's no way to comfort Japanese soldiers to send money to the army headquarters in Tokyo.

I have heard business people in California say that the Japanese people are not buying things as much as they used to, because they are saving their money to give to the army. I have heard of instances in which money was collected not only from Japanese subjects living in America but also from their children, who are American citizens.

If Americans feel that Japan's campaign in China is one of aggression, as indeed they seem to, it might be worth their while to set up a board of inquiry or get our Congress to investigate the details of Japan's money-raising campaign in America. I should not be surprised if such an investigation were to discover some so-called "language schools" at which reverence to the emperor of Japan is taught, and pupils are persuaded to give up their ice-cream cones in order that his majesty's soldiers might massacre the children of Shanghai. I should be interested in seeing its report on the activities of the Tokyo Club, a notorious gambling and murder organization with branches throughout the Pacific coast, which is headed by members of a fascist gang in Tokyo and which helps to distribute in America a magazine called *Fatherland,* formerly edited by Ikki Kita, a leader of the bloody coup of February 26, 1936, who was just shot to death for his assassination plots.

There are about 160,000 first-generation Japanese in America. Though this number seems insignificant, one must remember the second and third generation. Of these there are not many who consciously brand themselves as fascists or militarists. The majority, peaceful farmers, merchants, and fishermen, are merely misguided by their leaders. If we are to do our bit in preventing Japan's further aggression, one way to do it is to rid America of Japan's fascist agents.

S. NAGATA.

Los Angeles, Cal.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Walter Duranty's novel of the U.S.S.R.—Catherine and Potemkin—Bourbonism and Anti-Semitism

WITHIN the U.S.S.R. itself novels based on the revolution and civil war periods have appeared frequently. Some, like Ostrovski's *Making of a Hero,* have found their way to this country. Others are still waiting to be discovered by American publishers. But English or American novels on the Soviet Union are rare. In this country both Myra Page and Maurice Hindus have tried their hand at it. And now comes Walter Duranty, the best known of foreign correspondents in the Soviet Union, with *One Life, One Kopeck,** which deals with certain aspects of Russian life, from the last days of the Romanovs to the early stages of the civil war.

Mr. Duranty has chosen as his hero a young peasant, as solid and earthbound as the soil from which he springs. At fifteen, Ivan acquires his first taste of the difference between himself and those in authority. The brothel to which his young master takes him is raided by the police. In an effort to save the young count, Ivan strikes a policeman. The affair is hushed up in deference to his master's social standing, but czarist justice must run its course, and Ivan is sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia.

There he learns his second lesson. Somewhere in the penal camp he finds a copy of a "terrible and wonderful book . . . a book to make common ordinary ignorant men think, and wonder why. A damnable, dangerous book, a devastating revolutionary book. . . . You read it again and again, and suddenly begin to see there is fire and flame in it, like Rabelais and the Bible, and you walk up and down and think about it and wonder—did Marx really know? And was he right? And if so, why are things like this? . . . Man's whole life on earth is a question, but Marx is a dangerous answer."

But if it is Marx who is to guide Ivan's thought, it is the stranger Druzak (the name can be roughly translated as friend) whom Ivan meets in the Siberian taiga, who puts him on the direct road to revolutionary action. Ivan now goes through a long period of training. First he must enlist as a soldier that he may learn the art of warfare in order to lead the workers in other battles to come. After he has mastered military technique, Ivan is sent to work in a munitions plant that he may learn the lot of the workers, share their problems, and speak a common language. The words of Marx rapidly become to him a living reality. And so Ivan becomes a Bolshevik, in close touch with the peasantry, the industrial proletariat, and the army, and capable of leading them all.

And then Ivan begins to apply what he has laboriously learned. The revolution has been declared, and on the heels of it follow civil war and intervention. Ivan becomes a commander in the Red Army, an organizer of the battle-weary peasants who have returned to their farms, a teacher of the principles of collectivism. It is an active life, a life of building a better world.

But Mr. Duranty has done more than write a gripping tale that moves swiftly and surely to an inevitable climax. He has proved that he is more than a dispassionate observer of Soviet events. There can be no doubt that he has fully understood the steel and temper of the revolution, and finds in it a great message for the rest of humanity. And therein lies the significance of the book. For what Mr. Duranty has written cannot be judged by classroom standards of fiction. What emerges is, in essence, a political tract. His Ivan stands as the prototype of a Communist leader—and there are many thousands of Ivans in the Soviet Union. He has drawn heavily upon the archives of the history of the revolution for the background of the book, and he has presented his material in such a way as to leave no doubt in the reader's mind as to the author's evaluation of these world-shaking events.

DOROTHY A. HALPERN.

* ONE LIFE, ONE KOPECK, *by Walter Duranty. Simon & Schuster.* $2.50.

Great Catherine Again

CATHERINE AND POTEMKIN: AN IMPERIAL ROMANCE, *by Jerome Dreifuss. Covici-Friede.* $3.

OBVIOUSLY Jerome Dreifuss had a grand time getting this story told, and there's no earthly reason why not. We all enjoy reading love letters like "My soul, my dear, my priceless one, my dove. I have a slight diarrhea, but otherwise I am well. Catherine." And it's fun to read about Russian nobles picking one another's pockets at state affairs; or how Catherine the Great used to put all her lovers through a test with a shrewish old lady-in-waiting called Protasov before taking them on herself; or how Potemkin took Catherine on a trip down the Dnieper to show her his accomplishments in the Crimea, and stage sets were all she saw—beautiful cities that were dismantled a few days later, houses that were just fronts, and dancers on the river banks who were kept one jump ahead of the entourage so that the half-blind empress would think that the exquisite performers were just another group of happy subjects. We can read about the more humorous aspects of all the Gargantuan sham that was imperial Russia, and we can be amused by it. Perhaps we can even gloat a bit as we think of the end to which it all came.

Martin

Dreifuss based his book on the Catherine-Potemkin correspondence only recently discovered in the imperial archives and released by the U.S.S.R. The letters were bought by the United Press for newspaper circulation but were never used. The story, of course, was no secret. Even at the end of the eighteenth century everyone in Russia knew of the goings-on between Catherine the Great and the army officer who ran the country in her name.

Potemkin began his career when he entered Catherine's stable. He was one of the first among her thirteen or more official studs (not including the interlopers), and to him she gave more and listened more than to any of the rest. He was a power-mad hypochondriac who sat staring at a blank wall for days before going into action, whose personal mannerisms were obnoxious even to the rapacious band of cutthroats who infested St. Petersburg at the time. He was a huge, one-eyed egomaniac, just smart enough to beat his slow-witted contemporaries. He did not have the demagogue's hypnotic and spellbinding talents, but he was able to extend into the political and military fields the satisfaction he gave Catherine physically. The autocrat of all the Russias was an oversexed woman—the path to power was obvious. And so we have the "imperial romance."

Potemkin came to Catherine, made himself, by the sheer force of his vulgar being, the most satisfying, flattering, and attentive lover she ever had. In return he got palaces costing untold millions of rubles, important ministerial and military positions, revenge on his enemies, and even permission to wage a personal war against the Turks. His military exploits cost Russia over six hundred and fifty thousand men, and an untold number of rubles.

Now it seems to me that the only possible excuse for devoting an entire book to such an affair would be to cast some light on matters which it influenced, but only rarely does Dreifuss even attempt this. The reader feels that he has spent a great deal of time going through something that is interesting only in a parenthetical sense. These spicy anecdotes are fine, and the author has every right to have his little jokes about the aged empress and her nice young men, but he has ripped them from their rich context, has presented them offstage in the dull, narrow confines of the momentary *loci* when they would have had so much more meaning in the tremendous amphitheater in which they actually took place. The whole work is a historical "aside" which could and

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should have been incorporated into the central action.

Dreifuss probably had not the slightest intention of writing an outline of history of the late eighteenth-century Europe or even of Russia; he simply wanted to dramatize an amusing and important love affair. But I submit that presented this way the story of Catherine and Potemkin is, after all, no more important than any juicy marital embroglio the author might have picked at random.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

Southerntown

CASTE AND CLASS IN A SOUTHERN TOWN, *by John Dollard. Yale University Press.* $3.50.

IMMEDIATELY upon publication, this book drew murderous fire from the Southern Agrarians, whose avowed aim is to restore in the South, as nearly as possible, the conditions of the slave era. Writing in the current issue of the frankly pro-fascist *American Review,* one of these "neo-Confederates," Donald Davidson, denounces Dr. Dollard's work as "ominous, obscene, foul, fantastic, insulting, revolting, wicked, and defamatory."

Like the Lynds' Middletown, Dr. Dollard's Southerntown is not identified; it is an unnamed Black Belt city of seventy-five thousand people, 70 percent of whom are Negroes. Stepping from the train, Dr. Dollard noted at once that Southerntown is bisected by railroad tracks, on one side of which live the whites, while the Negroes are segregated on the other. In the course of his research, Dr. Dollard observed how racial bisection cuts sharply in two all phases of the city's life. The northerner of untainted democratic ideals will experience, through the pages of this book, much of the shock and pain of first contact with the South, will feel, vicariously at least, the stunning impact of unbridled and legalized Jim-Crowism.

Dr. Dollard's description of the present is frequently footnoted with references to the slave past. This typographical arrangement is in itself a shrewd—though unformulated—commentary. Southerntown today bears the stamp of history legibly upon it; nowhere else in America is the past so visible and so potent. Marx's observation, that "the legacy of the dead generations weighs like an Alp upon the brain of the living," has no more just application than to the modern South. Each of the discriminatory practices which Dr. Dollard records—every Jim-Crow barrier, every deliberate derogation—perpetuates some section of the slave code, some inviolable rule of the slave plantation.

Dr. Dollard is a thoughtful and conscientious researcher and a gifted writer, and he gives us many an unforgettable picture of Jim-Crowism in action, and much valuable—and readable—statistical material on land and home ownership, wages and standards of living, birth and death rates, infant mortality, education, civil rights, lynching.

The book has, however, three major defects. First, it measures all Southerntown with a

Helen Ludwig

Freudian yardstick. Accepting Freud's fundamental concept of an essentially unalterable human psychology, Dr. Dollard finds: that cruelty against the Negro people is rooted in childhood frustrations; that the white man's Œdipus complex gives rise to the cry of rape and the lynchings which follow; that "lower-class Negroes have a strong masochistic tendency and really do get positive satisfaction from being exploited." According to Dr. Dollard, further, the "furnish" system—whereby Negroes are bound as peons to the plantations—has produced in the croppers a father complex toward the white landlords. Here are his words: ". . . the Negro often sees 'the furnish' symbolically as a parental gift. . . . This parent-child symbol between the castes is one of the strongest barriers which a real economic democracy would have to face." Strange, then, that at Elaine, Ark., in 1919, and at Camp Hill and Reeltown, Ala., in 1931 and 1932, an uncounted number of Negro croppers should have given their lives in furious struggle against the "furnish" system—and this without benefit of prior psychoanalytic treatment! It is because of Dr. Dollard's Freudian bias that his scalpel, which dissects southern society cleanly, never cuts very deep.

Another imperfection is that Dr. Dollard apparently conceives of segregation as static and secure. Yet precisely the most important aspect of the Jim-Crow barrier today is that, for the first time since the Reconstruction period, it is under concerted fire. Dr. Dollard fails to mention even such a major engagement against Negro oppression as the Scottsboro battle. Now, it is essential to observe and record the present, and to explain that present in terms of the past; but it is equally vital to note the dynamic processes of flux and change whereby the present gives way to the future. It is possible that no such struggles have occurred in Dr. Dollard's chosen research site; in that case, however, Southerntown fails in some degree to typify the South today.

The third, and perhaps the most serious of the book's shortcomings, is that it is "impartial" to the point of moral suicide. When Dr. Dollard urges us not to "deplore" lynchings, but merely to "understand them," when he says of segregation that he is "not criticizing these customs, but rather attempting to see how they function," when he argues that "a strong feeling for the underdog is out of place in a researcher," he is dangerously close to a region of intellectual twilight in which all differences between social justice and social injustice, all distinctions between progress and reaction, become blurred and dim, and eventually disappear. That Dr. Dollard's polite and apologetic sparring with a deadly enemy has so enraged the Southern Agrarians proves only that these reactionaries will not admit their special mode of exploitation to be even open to remark.

Thus, in what is otherwise a penetrating chapter on "Defensive Beliefs of the White Caste"—the rationalizations which excuse Negro oppression—Dr. Dollard discusses the chauvinistic charge that Negroes have a disagreeable odor. Anyone who has devoted energy to the fight against Jim-Crowism knows how often this argument is a last line of defense for the entire segregation system; it is supposed to prove that, after all, there is an innate and inescapable difference between white and Negro. Dr. Dollard regrets that on this subject he dare express no opinion. And why? Because during his residence in the South he was afflicted with hay fever! And so this intensely dangerous slander may, for all of Dr. Dollard, continue in circulation until some other researcher, equally impartial but without hay fever, shall have studied Southerntown and presented conclusions buttressed, no doubt, by imposing tables of statistics.

In an early chapter, Dr. Dollard assures us that he is aware of his "abolitionist tradition," and is determined, in the interests of impartial research, to free himself of its influence. From impartiality of this stripe, one turns with greater respect to the passionate and hot-blooded partisanship of the abolitionist Garrison, who, in the first number of his *Liberator* more than a century ago, cried out that upon this Negro question no man should "wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation."

ELIZABETH LAWSON.

Anti-Semitism and Democracy

HOW TO COMBAT ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA, A SYMPOSIUM. *Six Prize-Winning Essays in the Contest Conducted by "Opinion." Jewish Opinion Publishing Corp.* $1.

In the whole of North America, where there are millionaires whose riches can hardly be expressed in our miserable marks, gulden, or francs, there is *not a single Jew* among these millionaires, and the Rothschilds are regular beggars compared with these Americans. And even here in England, Rothschild is a man of modest means compared, for instance, with the Duke of Westminster. . . . Added to this, anti-Semitism falsifies the whole position of affairs. It does not even know the Jews it howls down. Otherwise it would know that here in England, and

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in America, thanks to the eastern European anti-Semites, and in Turkey, thanks to the Spanish Inquisition, there are thousands and thousands of *Jewish proletarians,* and that these Jewish workers are in fact the worst exploited and most wretched of all. . . . (Engels to an Unknown Correspondent, April 19, 1890.)

EVEN though, on the crest of the World War profits, some Jewish millionaires have "arrived," the situation in the United States is much the same today as it was in Engels's day. The finance-capitalists who dominate American life are not Jews (Morgan, Rockefeller, DuPonts, Ford, etc.), and the number of Jewish proletarians has vastly increased. Yet, despite these facts, anti-Semitism has taken root in this country, and is *now being organized* on a greater scale than ever before. This organized anti-Semitism, furthermore, is more and more openly being used as a siphon to divert what are essentially anti-capitalist feelings among the people into channels that will serve only to fasten the hold of capitalism upon them, and capitalism, at that, in its most rabid, its fascist, form.

The way to wipe out anti-Semitism coincides in large part, therefore, with the way to eliminate economic exploitation. And the way to wipe out the *organized* anti-Semitism that the American fascist forces are now fostering coincides with the way to check and crush fascism. Only socialism, through the dictatorship of the proletariat, can eliminate the roots of anti-Semitism. And only the people's front, based on the trade unions and uniting the oppressed middle classes of city and country, can crush the fascists' attempt to organize anti-Semitism along lines of violence and vigilanteism.

It is, therefore, very encouraging to note that practically all of the contributors to this symposium agree on these propositions: that anti-Semitism has economic roots, and can be uprooted only by some form of socialism; and that anti-Semitism now is a phase of fascism and must be fought as such, through unity with all progressive forces. It is noteworthy that all agree that the time has come to *fight* anti-Semitism, and considerable scorn is directed against those who preach passivity as a way of mollifying the anti-Semites.

H. C. Engelbrecht (a Christian who properly blames Christian teachings for the hold anti-Semitism has upon the youth) observes: "Let every Jew be a Maine Republican, Rabbi Wise religionist, or an East Side, tenement-dwelling proletarian, their enemies would yet accuse them of being radicals, irreligious, and lords of international finance. In view of that, the first and most important thing for Jews is not to be driven into an attitude of retreat. . . . Above all, avoid by all means the ghetto mind-cringing before slander, fawning before ignorance, taking on protective coloration!"

Rabbi Victor Eppstein is even more telling: "Respectability cannot save the Jews. . . . There have been painful instances in which the B'nai B'rith, following its policy of ethical cosmetic, has actually tried to bring pressure to prevent Jews from assuming leadership

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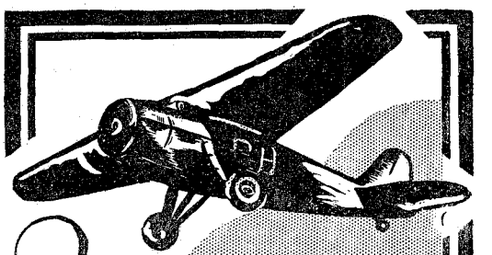
in liberal movements for the social welfare of America and the human race, for the explicit reason that the causes were unpopular and such leadership might result in local outbursts of group discrimination. This attitude, were it to prevail, would prevent Jews from working for the improved social order in America wherein alone lies their own freedom and security."

Even Jessie Sampter, now living in a communal colony in Palestine, who begins by saying, "The first step that we have to take to destroy anti-Semitism is not to combat it but to live with all our might, to be ourselves," ends a rather shrill essay by urging Jews to help build up Palestine, "learn Hebrew," *and* "help to bring about democratic socialism in America, in the world. Join whatever bodies seem to you to be working for socialist democratic control of economic resources in this country. . . ."

This agreement on the need to *fight* anti-Semitism leads to varyingly adequate and specific programs of action. Rabbi Trachtenberg of Easton, Pa., in his very intelligent contribution, "Stop Fascism: Preserve Democracy," sees "the relative impotence of the Jewish group alone to affect the course of American attitudes." He, therefore, looks to the "organized forces of anti-fascism." "In the consciously democratic, anti-fascist forces of this country, small though they may be, we have an incalculable source of strength." Most penetrating of all is his observation that it is to the interest of the non-Jewish popular masses to fight anti-Semitism: " 'Anti-defamation' campaigns and pious statistics are less than no defense. We must be prepared, in conjunction with all the progressive forces that can be mobilized on this front, to utilize every available weapon against the fascist and anti-Jewish menace: the legislatures, the law courts, the boycott, a relentless propaganda. And all, not to protect Jewish rights, but *to protect American rights*" [italics in original].

Other contributors make even more specific proposals. Rabbi Eppstein would "abrogate the judicial veto and enlarge the express powers of the national government." To avoid what happened in Spain, he advocates "systematically removing from key positions in the army and National Guard all officers whose loyalty to the constitution may be qualified by class allegiance."

Although the Soviet Union, and its solution of the national minority question, are only casually referred to (understandingly by Messrs. Eppstein and Essrig), it might be well to dwell a moment on Miss Sampter's bitter comment of "Russian assimilation of its Jews." One can understand Miss Sampter's opposition to "assimilation" under capitalism, but one wonders at her lack of understanding of the Soviet program. Just as "assimilation" is impossible under capitalism, it is unnecessary and undesirable under socialism. The Soviet program is not one of "assimilation." Rather is it one of fostering and encouraging the development of national, Jewish forms, while it creates the conditions for the proletarian content of these forms. Since there is



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no national oppression in the Soviet Union, there can be no "assimilation" to the habits and needs of the oppressor, which is the true and objectionable content of assimilation under capitalism.

Some of the elements for a Jewish people's front are contained in these essays. It is unfortunate that only professionals are here represented; no trade-unionist, and no Communist, were awarded prizes. Nevertheless, the trade unions are active, and have recently organized the Jewish People's Committee, headed by Ben Gold of the Furriers' Union. And the Communists have recently taken a further step in their campaign to help organize the American people's front by issuing an Anglo-Jewish magazine, *Jewish Life,* one of the purposes of which is "to create a broad Jewish people's front, as part of the American people's front, which will fight for the rights of the Jewish people and against discrimination and anti-Semitism." Militant struggle is necessary; it must be organized.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

Brief Review

EDWARD GIBBON, *by D. M. Low. Random House.* $3.50.

To commemorate the bicentenary of Gibbon's birth, Mr. Low has written a biography which helps wipe out the traditional unflattering impression of Gibbon's personality. Boswell's complaint that Gibbon was "disgusting" is persuasively refuted by Mr. Low. Hitherto unpublished letters enable the biographer to supplement the material which Gibbon included in his own autobiography. The elaborate scholarship upon which the case for the defense rests frequently seems a little beside the point; the details of eighteenth-century gossip can easily give an oppressive air of triviality. It is perhaps pleasant to know that Gibbon did not behave entirely like a scoundrel in his affair with Suzanne Curchod, but nobody who has read through *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* can ever have been profoundly concerned about this personal relation. If there is any quarrel with Mr. Low's sympathetic study, it is that the great historical work which will always be remembered is too obviously subordinated to the career of a man who has already been forgotten.

W. R.

★

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Movies in theaters and in your home— A W.P.A. play on the Negro question

A GROUP of second and third rate movies served to make this a very distressing and discouraging week for your reviewer. The very best (and that is by no means too good) is a cute little whimsy of a ghost story based on a novel by the late Thorne Smith called *Topper* (M.G.M.). It is about a young married couple (rich, of course) who live high, wide, and handsome. One wild night they wrap their car around a tree and proceed to leave this earth, by way of double exposure, as astral bodies. Before they leave for good, however, they decide to see what they can do for a conservative banker (Roland Young) in making him more human and relieving him of his henpecked wife. And so the rest of the film is filled with trick photography which always seems to make an audience laugh.

In all the years Hollywood has been making films, I can recall only one instance (that splendid film, *Gentlemen Are Born*) when they treated college students and their problems with any seriousness. College has either been a football team or a musical comedy, with variations on both themes. *Varsity Show* (Warner Bros.) is obvious. The best that can be said for it is that it is an extended act by Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians with some laughs furnished by Ted Healy.

Bad Guy (M.G.M.), about electrical linesmen, is a very poor copy of *Slim* (Warner Bros.) while *Dark Journey* (London Films-United Artists) is a conventional spy-counter-spy melodrama directed by Victor Saville, the man who made *I Was a Spy*. At its best it is only momentarily exciting. The film is photographed with the usual overemphasis on dramatic lighting and has been horribly mutilated in the editing.

DURING THE LAST WEEKS I have received a number of requests for information about films for non-theatrical exhibition (a term used for the showing of films by individuals or groups for non-profit purposes). Most of these requests have come from college clubs, branches of the American League Against War and Fascism, and in one case, from a group in a small mid-western town where nothing but the conventional Hollywood product is shown. The requests varied from a very modest one asking about individual and specific films to a more ambitious one from a farmer-labor club wanting a series of twelve to fifteen complete programs spread over the year. This is a very healthy sign. It means that more and more people are unwilling to accept, or are tired of, the commercial motion picture. It is an indication that there is an increasing audience for independently produced progressive films.

A few years ago such requests came from those groups who could afford to rent a theater and pay for elaborate and expensive equipment, to say nothing of meeting the high cost

Martin

of film rental and shipping. These groups generally comprised only "film students" whose primary interest was in the esoteric and experimental film. The perfection of sixteen-millimeter sound projection equipment (it is difficult for anyone but an expert to find any appreciable difference in picture and sound quality between a good 16 mm. "reduction" and the regular 35 mm. used in theaters) has provided a great impetus to the expansion of this non-theatrical circuit.

Not only is the 16 mm. field almost a major industry for foreign films as well as old Hollywood features, but there is one distributor in New York who releases 16 mm. prints at the same time that he releases the larger size print to regular theaters. Naturally, these "first run" reduction prints are rented to those places that would not ordinarily be in a position to show the film otherwise.

One of the most important developments in the progressive film movement was the establishment of Frontier Films. It is the intention of this non-profit, coöperative company to make all its products available on 16 mm. film. The World Theater, in New York City, has announced that next season 16 mm. films would be a regular part of its programs. This is a wise move, for they will show many films that are not available in any other form. But what is of greater importance, it will bring to the public the work of independent film-makers from all parts of the country. Undoubtedly many theaters, many of the smaller houses, will follow suit. Even with the current equipment it is possible to give a very good show to as many as two thousand persons. Most theaters don't have that seating capacity. And with the most recent perfection of 16 mm. arc light projectors, the possibilities are unlimited.

Good films have now, therefore, become available to everyone, everywhere. With the assistance of others, your reviewer will draw up a series of programs for those who have asked for them. Such a list will include films that are not shown in commercial theaters: fine films such as the French people's-front film, *La Vie Est à Nous* (*Life Is Ours*) which was supervised by the greatest of contemporary French directors, Jean Renoir. There is also a very splendid anti-war film made in England called *Hell Unlimited*. In light of this, this column will in the future, review or give notice to those films that are available only in this form, or those not intended for regular commercial distribution. From time to time, new developments in 16 mm. equipment will be discussed. In the meantime, this reviewer will be more than happy to suggest programs or individual films for non-theatrical showing. For those who may want to acquaint themselves with the problems and mechanics of such showings, we recommend two very practical pamphlets: *The Motion Picture in Education* (price 10c) and *Teaching with Motion Pictures* (40c). These are published by the American Council on Education, 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C. The second pamphlet is a really excellent handbook for anyone planning to use films in the manner discussed.

PETER ELLIS.

THE THEATER

DR. JOHN BECK, a prominent Negro physician, is accused of killing his wife in their home on 139th Street, in Harlem. Mrs. Beck was a millionairess, having discovered how to straighten Negro people's hair. She had paid for Dr. Beck's last two years in medical school, and as a result tricked him into marrying her. Aside from being tricked, Dr. Beck, a light-skin Negro, does not like black people. And Mrs. Beck was the last word in "dark." It is the state's contention that Dr. Beck killed his wife because she was black, and because he preferred the looks of another—a "high yella."

Thus *The Trial of Dr. Beck,* a first play by Hughes Allison, a young Negro, launches itself into a misleading opus on intra-racial prejudices of the Negro people; a play which seeps with confused thinking and general stupidity. The Federal Theater Project first produced the play in Newark, N. J., where it was a hit. The original cast was invited to New York, and is currently showing at the Maxine Elliott Theater in New York.

The author, following the pattern of other successful court-room murder dramas—a parade of suspects, a second-act surprise witness, and a third-act vindication—apparently thinks the American stage one massive double bed; for with eight out of eleven hapless Negro characters, he runs the gauntlet of the boudoir and sex irregularities of the human race.

Despite an overworked mold, *The Trial of Dr. Beck* does shape itself into a commanding piece. This is due, to a large degree, to the splendid acting of the cast, who reveal again what a mine of talent the W.P.A. theater has unearthed. As for the direction, had he been more informed, Louis M. Simon would

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have seen the glaring misinformation and anti-social propaganda of the script, and therefore, if produce he must, would have played up the many "whodunit" angles rather than its pseudo-knowledge of intra-racial prejudices of Negroes. Played against an excellent set by Rollo Wayne, what *The Trial of Dr. Beck* has to say is all the more credible.

Author Allison, not bothering to acquaint himself with the underlying cause for the general prejudice of Negroes against their darker brothers, puts forth, through Dr. Beck, this solution for the oppressed Negro masses:

> Negro men and women in key positions should marry only light-skin opposites, and reject those darker Negroes as totally unfit for reproductive mates. Thus, in time [now get this] the whole level of the race could be raised politically and economically.[!]

Aside from a weak stab at racial discrimination in the courts, this "plan" to liberate the Negro people permeates *The Trial of Dr. Beck*. And when Dr. Beck is proved innocent of killing his wife, the author's ideas, as expressed by Dr. Beck, are also vindicated.

The Trial of Dr. Beck, while it doesn't say that Negroes are not human, nevertheless introduces its black characters as the lowest sort of degenerates. One couple has so many children they can't count them. ("They is scattered all over eveywhar," says Mrs. Doolittle.) Their smartest child, John, has the lowest I.Q. of any pupil ever to attend a public school in New York City.

Hughes Allison devotes the first two acts of his play to Dr. Beck's hatred for black people. "When niggers come that black, they got no business living." The third act clears him of the murder charge; but on the other hand, Dr. Beck's ideas of racial emancipation by

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lightening the Negroes' skin go unanswered.

If one believed what *The Trial of Dr. Beck* says, one would leave the theater thinking it is hell to be black, and that all problems are solved by the degree to which one looks Caucasian. In the lobby a young man said to me, "Millions of us are unemployed and *white*. How does Allison account for that?"

SID LAWSON.

★

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(Times given are Eastern Daylight, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Questions before Congress. A representative discusses current issues Wednesdays at 3:30 p.m. and a senator on Thursdays at 5 p.m., C.B.S.

William E. Dodd. The U. S. ambassador to Germany speaks on "Public Opinion in a Democracy," Fri., Sept. 3, 6:45 p.m. C.B.S.

Song Festival. The Workman's German Singing Alliance broadcasts from Cleveland, Sun., Sept. 5, 8 p.m., C.B.S.

Labor Day. Addresses by John L. Lewis at 2:30 p.m., Frank Morrison, Secretary of the A. F. of L., 3:30 p.m., and William F. Green, 4:15 p.m., Mon., Sept. 6, N.B.C. blue.

National Farm Credit Situation. Talk by Governor W. T. Meyers of the Farm Credit Administration, Tues., Sept. 7, 7:45 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Constitution Day Program. Senator Borah speaks on the Constitution, Thurs., Sept. 16, 10 p.m., and President Roosevelt on Fri., Sept. 17, 10:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

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Handel. The peerless William Primrose and an orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr make a gem of the concerto in B-minor for viola and small orchestra (Columbia).

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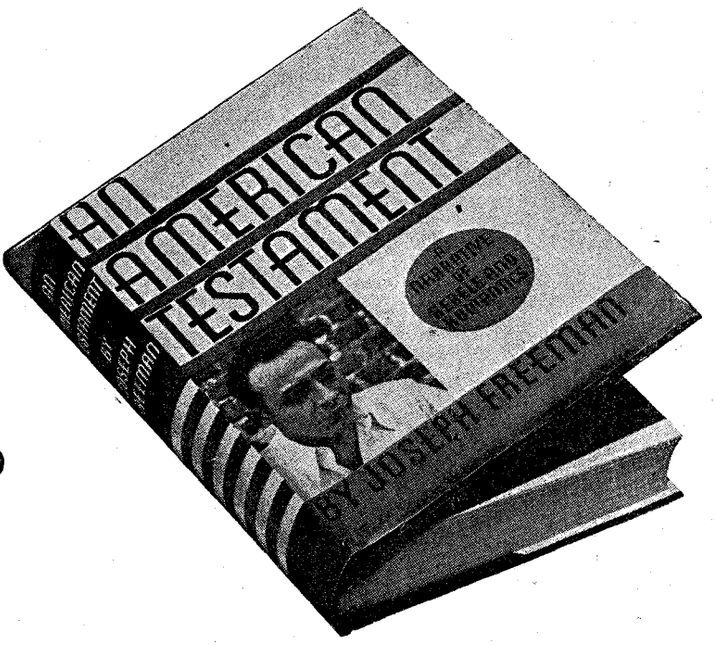

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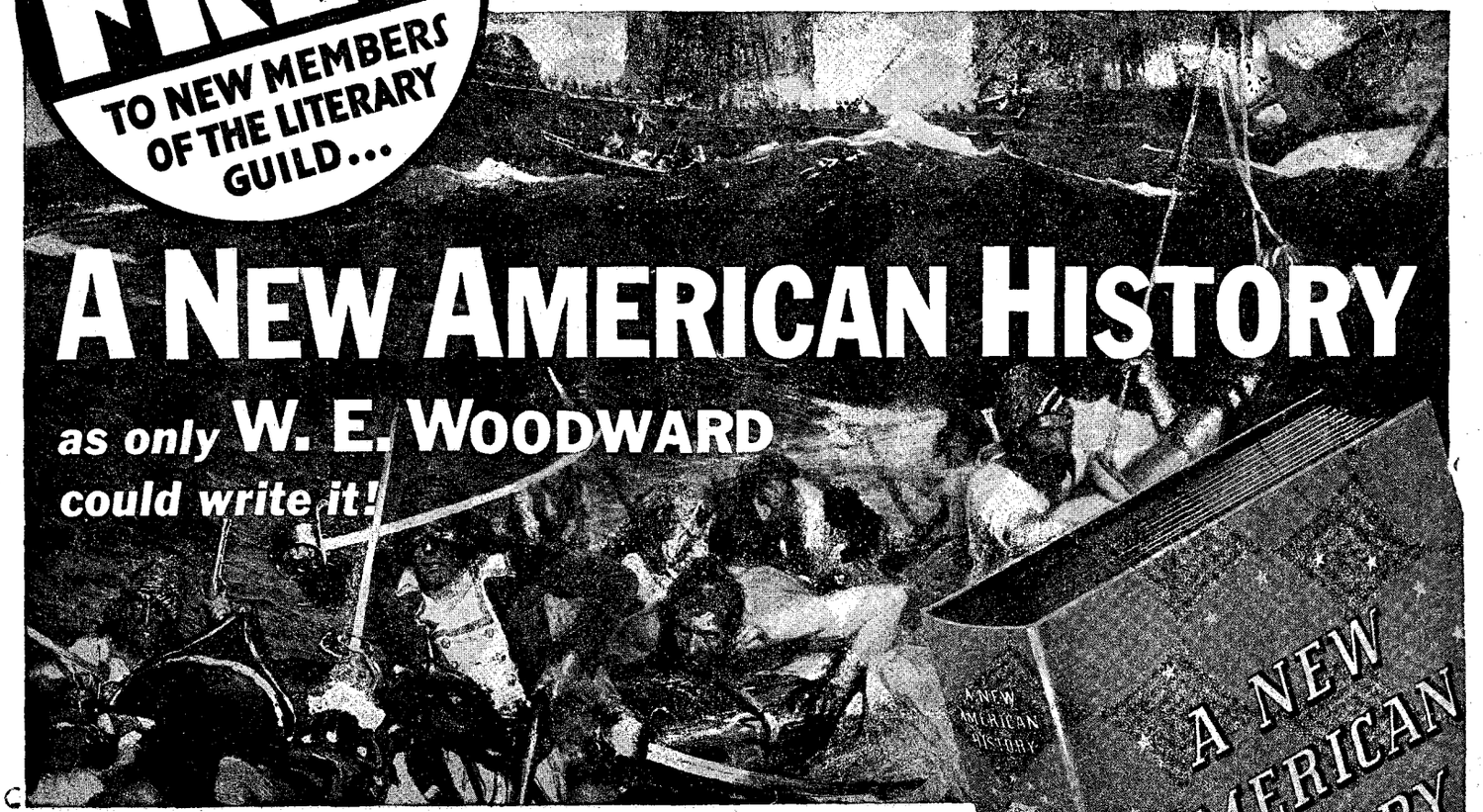

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